

LIFE

BOYPOWER

MAY 17, 1943 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



NEXT winter's fuel supply is as much in the public mind as this season's Victory garden—so coal is tumbling merrily down chutes into many thousands of home bins these summerlike days.

People know what's going on. The immense number of furnaces and heating plants being converted to coal can have but one result—*heavier demand for coal*. War is taking away the coal dealer's help. Home deliveries may be slowed, if all want coal at one time. So the farsighted home owner is

laying in next winter's warmth and comfort *now*.

All of which is pleasing to Uncle Sam. Because he wants to keep tracks clear in the heavy fall and winter months for the big flow of war materials and troops—the railroads' No. 1 job.

As it is, the railroads have a real task right

now to keep pace with industry's enormous coal demands. For please remember, industry relies on coal for power, energy, light and heat. It takes more than a third of all the hundreds of thousands of freight cars the Pennsylvania Railroad has in service just to meet coal-hauling demands. So...

Make ready your fuel bin **NOW**...let the coal roll in!



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation



BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ 30,228 in the Armed Forces ★ 26 have given their lives for their country

"He Is Our Boy!"



DRAWN FOR
PHILCO BY

Thomas

Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

ONE of the factors that qualified Philco so well for the battle of production was its background of research and development in the field of television. For fifteen years before the war, Philco engineers had devoted millions of dollars to the progress of the science of television. Their pioneer developments for improving the clarity, sharpness and detail of the television picture have today become the accepted standards of the industry. The Philco television station in Philadelphia, too, has been a rich laboratory of experience for the advance of the principles of television transmission.

Burton Thomas makes this contribution to the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists depicting the significance of America's productive might. While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing will be sent, free, on request to Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Cartoon No. 33D.

Philco engineers are at work night and day on urgent and vital projects in the realm of research and development work in the field of electronics. With the dawn of peace, their contributions to Victory will usher in a new age of comfort, convenience and entertainment for the homes of America.

So Philco brought to the battle of production more than its manufacturing skill and experience as the world's largest radio manufacturer. Its scientists, laboratories and years of radio and television research were ready to serve the nation at war. Today,

PHILCO CORPORATION



Philco Men and Women are among the first to fly the Army-Navy "E" Flag with White Star

OUR WAR PRODUCTION PLEDGE
MORE • BETTER • SOONER

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS,
AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES AND
PARTS ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LISTEN TO
"OUR SECRET WEAPON"

Hear Rex Stout expose Axis lies and propaganda over your Columbia station every Friday evening. Consult your local newspaper for time and station. Hear the Truth!

This One



QUHC-G1N-CB9B



Here's one sacrifice that hurts

Today, there is one small sacrifice on the home front of this war that is largely being made by the youth of America . . . and they're taking it in stride!

The manufacture of rubber-soled canvas shoes for gym and outdoor sports has been stopped. American boys and girls have been asked to go without.

This is one sacrifice that *hurts*. For canvas shoes are just about as important to them—and to millions of other sports followers—as moccasins to an Indian. But there's a big reason for this sacrifice.

That reason is a matter of life and death to the boys in the service—perhaps a son, a brother, or a next door neighbor.

Over 3,000,000 life vests—or over 100,000 four-man life rafts—or over 60,000 bullet-proof gas tanks for our planes, can be made from the rubber *not* being used in canvas shoes usually made for millions of boys and girls.

The game in which these things are used is no sport. They play that game for keeps. That's why America's sportsmen—young and old—are gladly making this small sacrifice.

FOOTWEAR FACTORY
WATERTOWN, MASS.



Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

BUY WAR BONDS TODAY FOR SECURITY TOMORROW

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TUNISIAN CAMPAIGN

Sirs:

The first picture in your lead article, "Americans in Tunisia Learn War" (LIFE, April 26), had a special meaning for me. You show two U. S. Army sergeants, George McGray of Somerville, Mass. and Bernard Haber of New York City, studying a map in a jeep.

"Bob" Haber is a good friend of mine. We arrived together in this coun-



SERGEANT HABER (RIGHT)

try a few years ago as refugees from Hitler's persecution. I think this picture shows that we all deeply appreciate our new homeland and when given the chance are proud to fight for it.

DAVE C. SALM

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

As you stated in your excellent article on Americans in Tunisia, "... the Americans were surprised to find themselves fighting in a sea of mud," but the enclosed photograph will prove that mud, even if it is in Tunisia, is not a new experience at least to some of our men. In addition to the discomforts which were undoubtedly endured in North Africa, I'll venture to guess that the mud evoked a sense of nostalgia in some of the men and probably started some mighty tall tales about what happened in "Good Old Canton."

The enclosed snapshot was taken during a three-week training period at Canton, N. Y. in June 1940, during which time it rained for 16 consecutive



DOMESTIC "SEA OF MUD"

days. Since that time the organization that went through that ordeal, a former crack New Jersey National Guard cavalry outfit, has been mechanized and a large part of its members are now engaged in the conflict in Tunisia.

2ND LIEUT.
FRANCIS A. GIFFORD

Newark, N. J.

TAX DEBATE

Sirs:

You are perfectly right in saying that the tax debate in the House is an example of "democracy not making sense." But your editorial (LIFE, April 26) misses the real point. It seems that both sides in the House debate about the Ruml plan believe, somehow, in the myth of tax forgiveness. One side opposes and the other side supports the plan on that account. But whatever the merits (or demerits) of the Ruml plan, the issue is of third-rate importance. The House is losing valuable time discussing bookkeeping arrangements while it should be busy planning the collection of additional \$16,000,000,000 in taxes, which is necessary if we are to avoid inflation. The whole "pay-as-you-go" debate looks like an excuse to cover up the failure to do something real to keep down inflation. But when inflation breaks loose upon us the people will not be in a mood to grant excuses.

OSCAR LANGE

New York, N. Y.

JANGO

Sirs:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed picture of your "Jango" cover girl, Helen Almy (LIFE, April 26).



COVER GIRL AND COVER

I took it in Chevy Chase, Md. on the day that the April 26 issue of LIFE appeared.

PAUL A. SCHMICK

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

I was keenly interested in your article entitled "Jangos" but after reading that only officers' daughters are in this organization, I was puzzled.

I am one of thousands of American high-school girls interested in nursing as a career. A little over a year ago I began doing volunteer work in the New York Hospital but for the past six months I have been in the nursing office doing clerical work. Now for a future nurse, I am not satisfied with this position.

This summer I had hopes of becoming a nurses' aide so I could get practical experience, but my age is holding me back. The Jango appears to be just the thing—but for officers' daughters only.

Couldn't someone form an organization similar to the Jango for girls whose fathers are not in the armed forces?

MARY E. RUTH

New York, N. Y.

FRANZ WERFEL

Sirs:

In your story on Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette* (LIFE, April 26) you call Werfel a Czech.

Although Werfel was born in Czechoslovakia he was educated in German schools and is considered one of the



FRANZ WERFEL

greatest German writers. Even his first name, Franz, indicates his German background; "Frantisek" would be used if he were a Czech.

OTTO POPPER

Chicago, Ill.

● Franz Werfel, though a German by adoption, prefers today to be known as a Czech.—ED.

(continued on p. 4)

*You can't
go to work
on tires
alone!*

Save your tires, sure-but
**SAVE YOUR WHOLE
CAR AS WELL!**



NO matter how carefully you nurse your tires along, they won't do you a bit of good if you neglect the car they're mounted on.

Not that we're trying to minimize the importance of proper tire care. We ourselves offer as complete a tire-saving program as you could find—including not only the usual inflation and inspection services, but also wheel alignment, wheel balancing and scientific brake equalizing.

No; we don't want to talk down the importance of your tires—we want to *talk up* the importance of your whole automobile. New tires are being manufactured even during the war—a certain number at least. *But no new cars are being built at all.* That means *your present car must last.* And that means you need a complete program of maintenance service. Not just tire inspection. Not just lubrication. But these things *plus* all the other vital check-ups, adjustments, replacements and repairs needed to counteract the possible "ill effects" of today's low speeds and limited driving.

We offer just such a program. Ask us about Oldsmobile's specially developed "wartime service package."



We can't win this war on wishes alone. It takes money, *your money*, invested in U. S. War Bonds and Stamps.

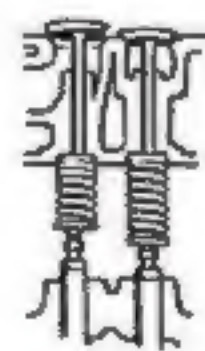
**RUBBER IS VITAL
BUT-**

**DON'T NEGLECT OTHER
VITAL PARTS LIKE THESE!**

Other materials are vital, too. Your car is built largely of metals used in the manufacture of war equipment. Unnecessary replacements should be avoided.



BRAKES not equalized wear out fast. Worn linings result in scored drums.



VALVES improperly adjusted are subject to burning out and must be replaced.



DISTRIBUTOR points, made of vital tungsten steel, must be kept adjusted.



PISTONS and piston rings will last longer if safeguarded by proper lubrication.

OLDSMOBILE DEALERS OF AMERICA

★ IN SERVICE FOR THE NATION ★

YOU CAN OWN THIS TERRIFIC MOVIE!

8 mm. *Castle Films Scoop!* 16 mm.



"BISMARCK SEA VICTORY"

Fly with MacArthur's fighting Yanks as they make history! Join the American bombing crew! See the vast Jap Armada arrayed before your eyes! Then, like an avenging thunderbolt hurl your plane into action! Press the bomb button. See an enemy ship go up in flames! Shoot down a Zero! Strafe a Jap vessel from stem to stern.

See ship after ship in the Nip flotilla bombed to destruction! See battered and burning hulks litter the sea! Own this eyewitness account of a history-making battle! Land-based planes versus sea-power, with airpower scoring an amazing victory! Here is the live record of the total destruction of 22 Jap ships, 102 Jap aircraft, 15,000 Japs! It's an American epic! Own it now!

FREE! New Castle War Films Catalog, describing movies of every important battle action of World War II. Let this illustrated catalog help you start your World War II film library now! Check below to receive it!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO

DON'T WAIT
See Your Photo Dealer or Send This Handy Order Form to Him **TODAY!**

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<input type="checkbox"/> 300 feet . . .	8.75
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Send Castle Films' "BISMARCK SEA VICTORY" in the size and length indicated.

Name

Address

City State

Remittance Enclosed ☐ Ship C. O. D. ☐
Copy, 1945, Castle Films, Inc.

Send Castle Films' FREE War Films Catalog ☐

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BAHAMIANS

Sirs:

In your article, "Bahamians Arrive for Farm Work" (LIFE, April 26), you state: "During the last war, too, several thousand Bahamian Negroes were temporarily moved in. . . . Many of them decided to remain, and immigration officials are still chasing them."

It is unfortunate that wide publicity should thus be given to a misapprehension which causes some inconvenience to many worthy people. Bahamian laborers brought into the U. S. during the last war entered the country before the Quota Act, without restriction, and had the right to remain indefinitely.

M. S. HENDERSON

British Consulate
Atlanta, Ga.

FAMOUS MEN IN COLLEGE

Sirs:

In LIFE's Speaking of Pictures, "Famous Men as They Appeared in College" (LIFE, April 26), you say: "Football in his (Halsey's) day used an almost spherical ball. . . ."

It is true that slight changes have been made in the modern football, but it is, at most, about an inch smaller in diameter than the old ball and almost exactly the same length. So how could the old ball have been almost spherical?

FREDERICK BERLING

Altoona, Pa.

● At the time of manufacture, the 1903 football was nearly the same size as the one in use today but not so well made. After a little hard usage it became misshapen and is hence remembered as being shorter and rounder than the modern ball.—ED.

Sirs:

In LIFE's April 26 Speaking of Pictures you have somewhat shortchanged James H. Doolittle in giving him no more than an M. S. degree from M.I.T.

He received the Sc. D. degree from this institution in 1925. No honorary degree (M.I.T. gives none), he earned it the hard way—by matriculation.

A. J. GRACIA

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

BEACH PROPOSAL

Sirs:

Your article on "Corporal Thomas Waits for 'I' Day" (LIFE, April 26) by Richard Wilcox states that Corporal Thomas proposed to Carolyn Brooks



CORPORAL'S CAROLYN

"one night on the beach at Orlando, Fla."

Where, pray tell, is "the beach" in the inland city of Orlando?

MELBA GOLLER

Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

Orlando has many lakes within the city limits but no beaches. Did love blind the corporal?

JACK RATHBUN

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sirs:

. . . Possibly Mr. Wilcox is emulating Shakespeare whose great erratum was the "seacoast of Bohemia" which never had a seacoast.

BLANCHE SHAW MOTE

Indianapolis, Ind.

● Corporal Thomas, understandably carried away by the circumstances, described the scene of his proposal to beautiful Carolyn Brooks (see cut) as a "moonlit beach." A further check reveals that in fact it was a lake front.—ED.

SULTAN'S GUARD

Sirs:

In your April 26 issue I see that you have done a story on the Sultan of Morocco.

I had the opportunity of seeing the Sultan and his entourage while they



GUARD IN PARIS

were in Paris in 1937. They were quite in evidence about the city.

The Sultan's hand-picked bodyguard, *les chérifonniers*, marched on review during the great July 14 (Bastille Day) celebration.

I am enclosing a picture of them that I took at that time. These guards were snapped as they were marching away from the Place de la Concorde along the Rue Royale (or Rue de Rivoli).

CHARLES H. JOSEPH JR.

Fairmont, W. Va.

MUSIC HALLS

Sirs:

In the April 26 issue of LIFE, you state that the Radio City Music Hall has a seating capacity of 6,200—a



PURDUE'S MUSIC HALL

world title. We of Purdue University wish to inform you and your readers that the Purdue Hall of Music at Purdue University (see cut) has a seating capacity of 6,208, eight seats larger than the Radio City Music Hall!

JACK SKILLMAN

Purdue University
West Lafayette, Ind.

● LIFE's figure on Radio City Music Hall's seating capacity was given in round numbers. To be precise, it seats 6,210, or two more than the Purdue Hall of Music claims.—ED.

Editorial correspondence should be addressed to:
**THE EDITOR, LIFE
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK CITY**



SWEETHEARTS

ARE STARTING THEIR *Dream Homes*

NOW... IN A LANE!

"As I will be true to thee and thine, my Lane will be true to me and mine." Yes, a million sweethearts and brides with but a single thought—to all of them a Lane suggests *safe* sanctuary for prized personal possessions, precious woolens, or cherished wedding gifts—until Victory Day makes their own exciting dream home a reality.

For Lane is the gloriously *modern* hope chest with the exclusive *extras* in moth protection that all sweethearts and brides demand to safeguard the things they hold dear. See the latest models at your Lane dealer's. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. L, Altavista, Va. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

For Girl Graduates

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, relatives—put this loveliest of all love gifts as the top of your list for graduation, engagements, weddings, birthdays, and confirmation. No gift could be more beautiful, lasting, or useful!



LANE
Spring Special



No. 48-2073. A contemporary, modern design of exquisite beauty. The entire exterior is matched, waterproof American Walnut veneers, hand rubbed and polished. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray.

\$39⁵⁰
Slightly higher in West and Canada

Only LANE Has All These Guaranteed Moth Protection Features

1. The only tested aroma-tight cedar chest in the world.
2. Exclusive aroma-tight features assure guaranteed moth protection.
3. Built of 3/4-inch aromatic red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations.
4. New waterproof Lane-welded veneers will not peel.
5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow—prevent stickiness and add life to the chest.
6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

To Men in Service: Write factory if name of Lane dealer where chest is to be delivered is not known.

CONSERVE YOUR WOOLENS!

USE YOUR SAVINGS TO BUY WAR BONDS

LANE
Cedar HOPE CHEST
THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME



No. 48-2011. A colonial chest in antique Maple with the simple lines and chaste beauty found only in chests of authentic design. Has Lane Automatic Tray.



No. 44-1964. 18th Century drawer design in Honduras Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.

A loquat for the teacher

A which?

A loquat. A sort of seventeenth cousin to an apple. Best ones come from South China.

What's it to me?

Just one of the countless tropical delicacies which may show up on your dining room table after the war.

Says who?

Says PLIOFILM! This amazing waterproof wrapping keeps foods moistureproof, flavorproof, long enough for a couple of trips around the world!

What if I don't go for these . . . loquats?

Oh, PLIOFILM will work plenty of domestic miracles for you too. PLIOFILM-wrapped grapefruit stay fresh and juicy and perfect five months and more* . . . oranges and lemons, too! Peaches, avocados, celery, tomatoes, lettuce, broccoli . . . PLIOFILM's a life-saver and a flavor-saver for all of them. Same goes for lots of other foods: cheese, coffee, tea, meats and baked goods, just for instance.

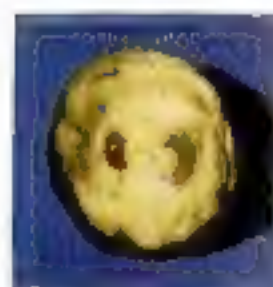
How about my trying a little snack right now?

Sorry, you'll have to wait; PLIOFILM's all-out for the war effort today. But tomorrow, after Victory, look forward to better snacks and better banquets . . . better all-round eating . . . thanks to PLIOFILM.

P. S. Pliofilm is not just for foods alone. It has literally thousands of applications as low-cost protection for pharmaceuticals, chemicals, tobacco, precision instruments, cables and all moisture-sensitive products. It is widely used also for rain-coats, shower curtains and umbrellas.

*HERE'S THE EVIDENCE

Both these grapefruit were kept in storage five months at 70°F., but the still-perfect specimen was wrapped in Pliofilm. The Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Florida made this test; reports: "The grapefruit wrapped in Pliofilm showed no loss of flavor and little shrinkage as compared with the unwrapped fruit . . . the original appearance of the fruit was unchanged . . . Vitamin C content very slightly diminished."



Pliofilm
made only by



ATTENTION: COOPERATIVES AND GROWERS' ASSOCIATIONS— Prepare now to take advantage of this new miracle in fruit, vegetable and other food packaging for after-the-war markets. For information write: Pliofilm Sales Dept., Goodyear, Akron, Ohio.

Pliofilm—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



How to Supplement YOUR WAR RATIONS

And be sure of getting
all the Vitamins you must have
to maintain Vigorous Health!

Whether our foods are rationed or not, it is more important now than ever before to get protective potencies—every day—of all the vitamins essential to vigorous good health... so that our best efforts may go into the emergency job we are doing. And it's so easy to get them... just take "VITAMINS Plus" once daily. "VITAMINS Plus" is a complete, balanced combination of all the essential vitamins. What's more, it gives you extra B-Complex vitamins and added iron. Remember...

Life Begins with
VITAMINS Plus

THE ONLY MULTIPLE-VITAMIN PRODUCT
RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS
OF VICKS VAPORUB

The
Lowest
Priced
Nationally
Advertised
Tooth Brush
in America

only
23¢

IN DUST-PROOF
CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
Tooth Brush



LIFE'S COVER: This 17-year-old welder is Jack Wilder, who graduated from Inglewood (Calif.) High School in February. The next week he began work at Douglas Aircraft's El Segundo plant in Los Angeles. He took mechanical arts at school where he learned welding. For more pictures of teen-age boys in the war industries, see pages 45-47.

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ITS
GOOD
TASTE

wins long friendships



MILWAUKEE'S
MOST EXQUISITE
BEER

BLATZ BREWING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
IN OUR 92nd YEAR

HIGH, DIVIDED
AND WINSOME

ALWAYS
WEAR A

Life-Bra

FOR FLAT-
CHESTED, NORMAL
AND FULL FIGURES

WRITE FOR
BOOKLET AND NAMES
OF LOCAL STORES

\$1.25
TO
\$3.50

"TAILORED TO FIT" BY
Formfit

MADE BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK



Portrait of Dilbert shows his vacant, stupid smile and irritating self-confidence which identify him.



"Dilbert had everything," says Navy caption, "except: Judgment, Knowledge, the Old Fight."

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . NAVY AIRMEN LEARN FROM "DILBERT"

Learning to fly is serious business, but kidding often helps it along. Official recognition of this fact is shown by these cartoons, part of a series widely used by the Navy to teach student fliers what may happen if they make an error of judgment. In them Dilbert, an imaginary student who does everything wrong, makes vivid, with bitter humor, mistakes which might otherwise be learned only through costly experience.

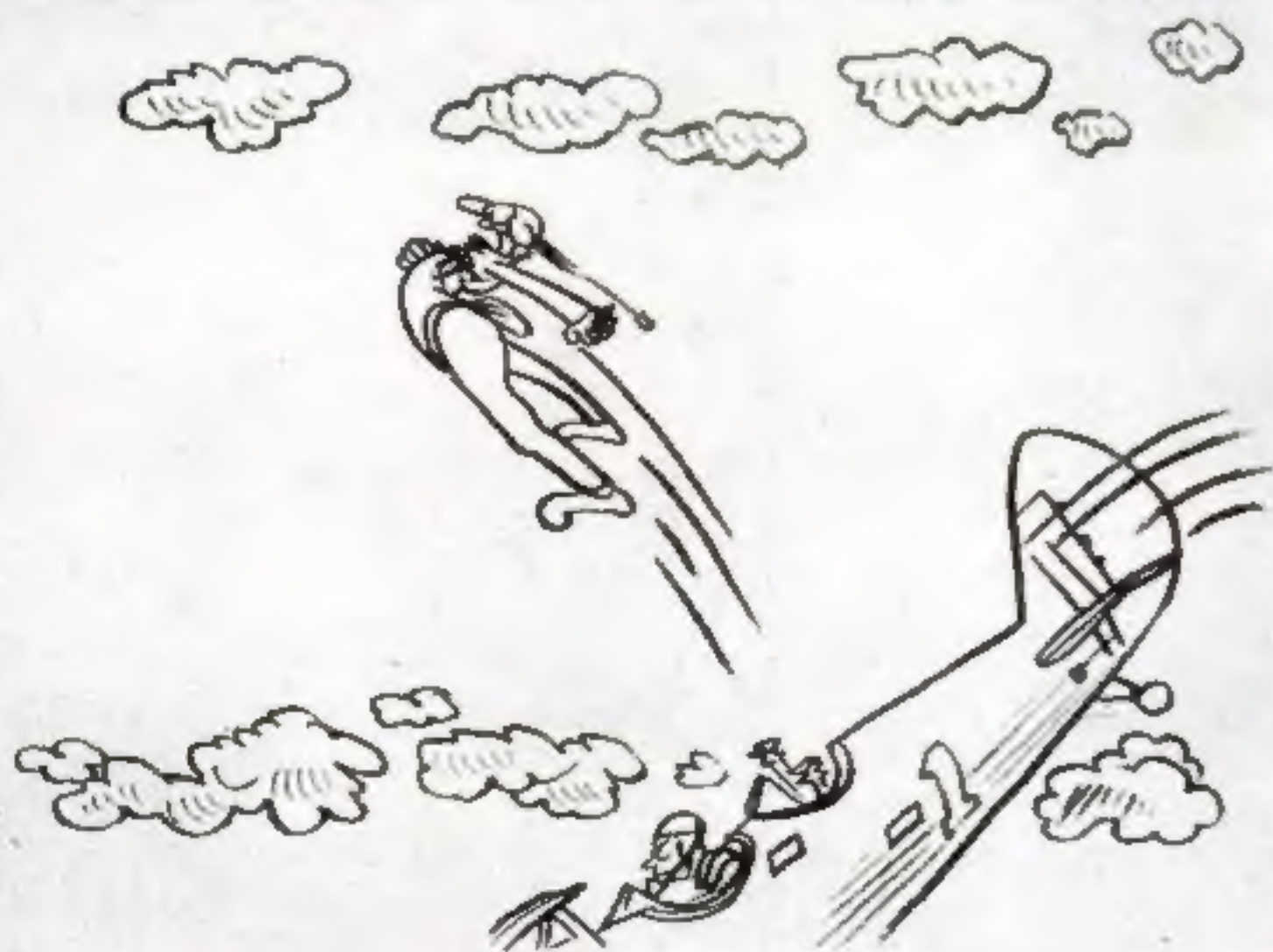
The hideous blunders of which Dilbert is guilty are real, but his personality is the invention of a Navy lieutenant named Richard Osborn, who is a painter in civilian life. Dilbert could be no one man, but there is a little of Dilbert in all fliers, and the Navy hopes that his graphic example will make this little even less.



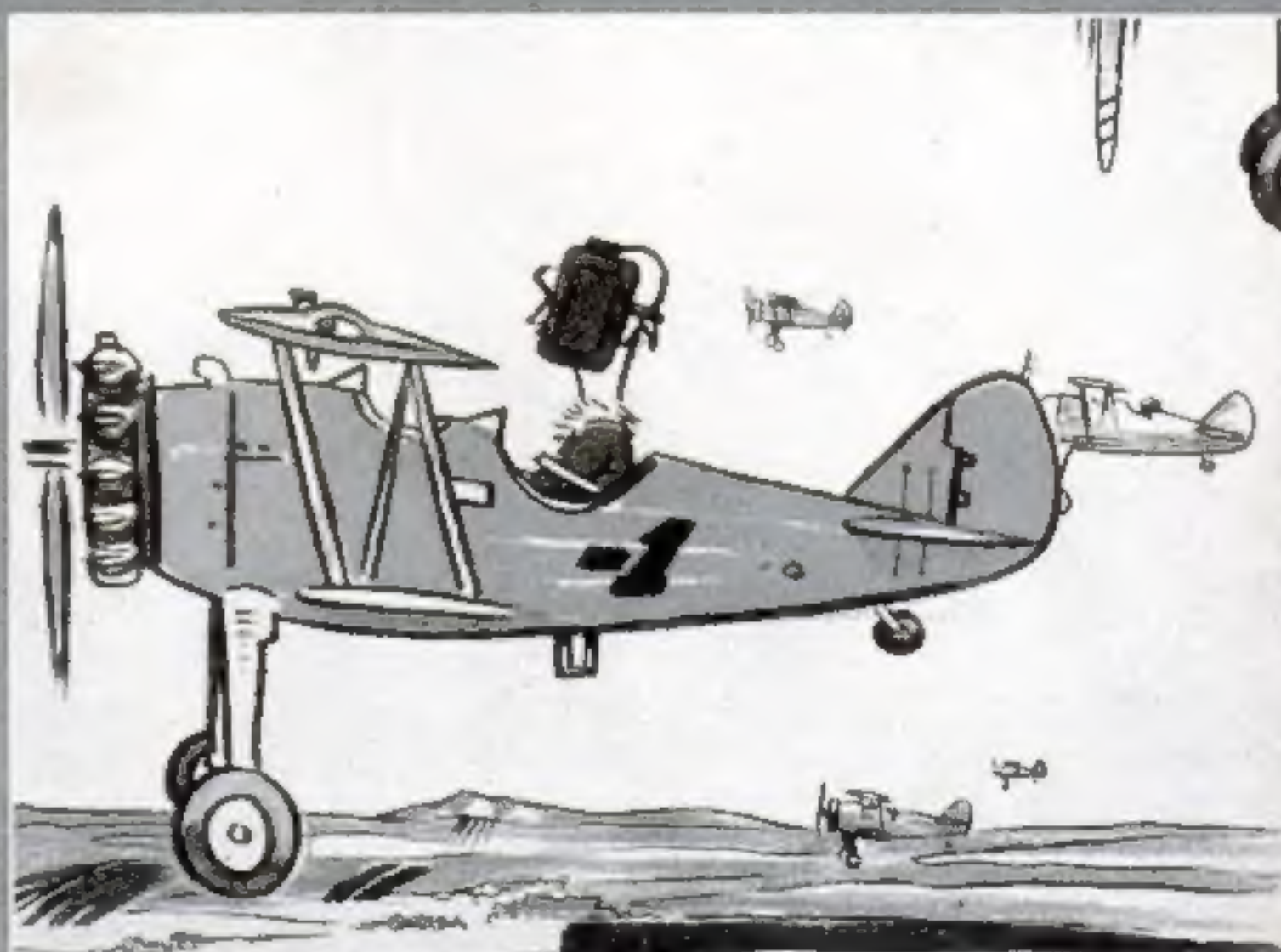
Dilbert's flying is just a collection of bad habits. In this situation he tries to "stretch a glide." Stretching plane's gliding capacity will cause it to stall and, at this height, to crash.



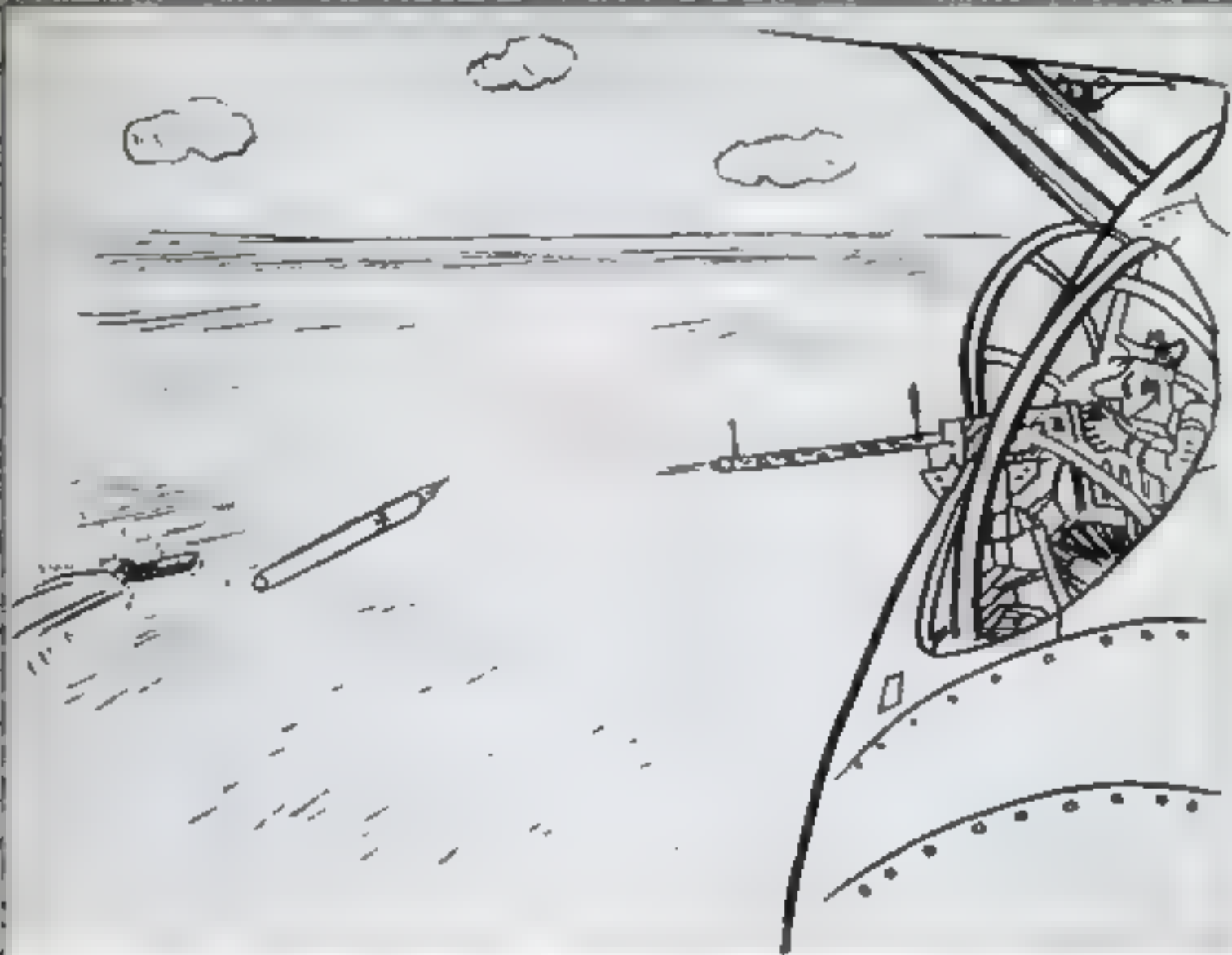
Dilbert also commits the heinous sin of leaving his plane unoccupied with engine turning over and brakes off. Airplanes left thus may be easily moved by fickle gust of wind.



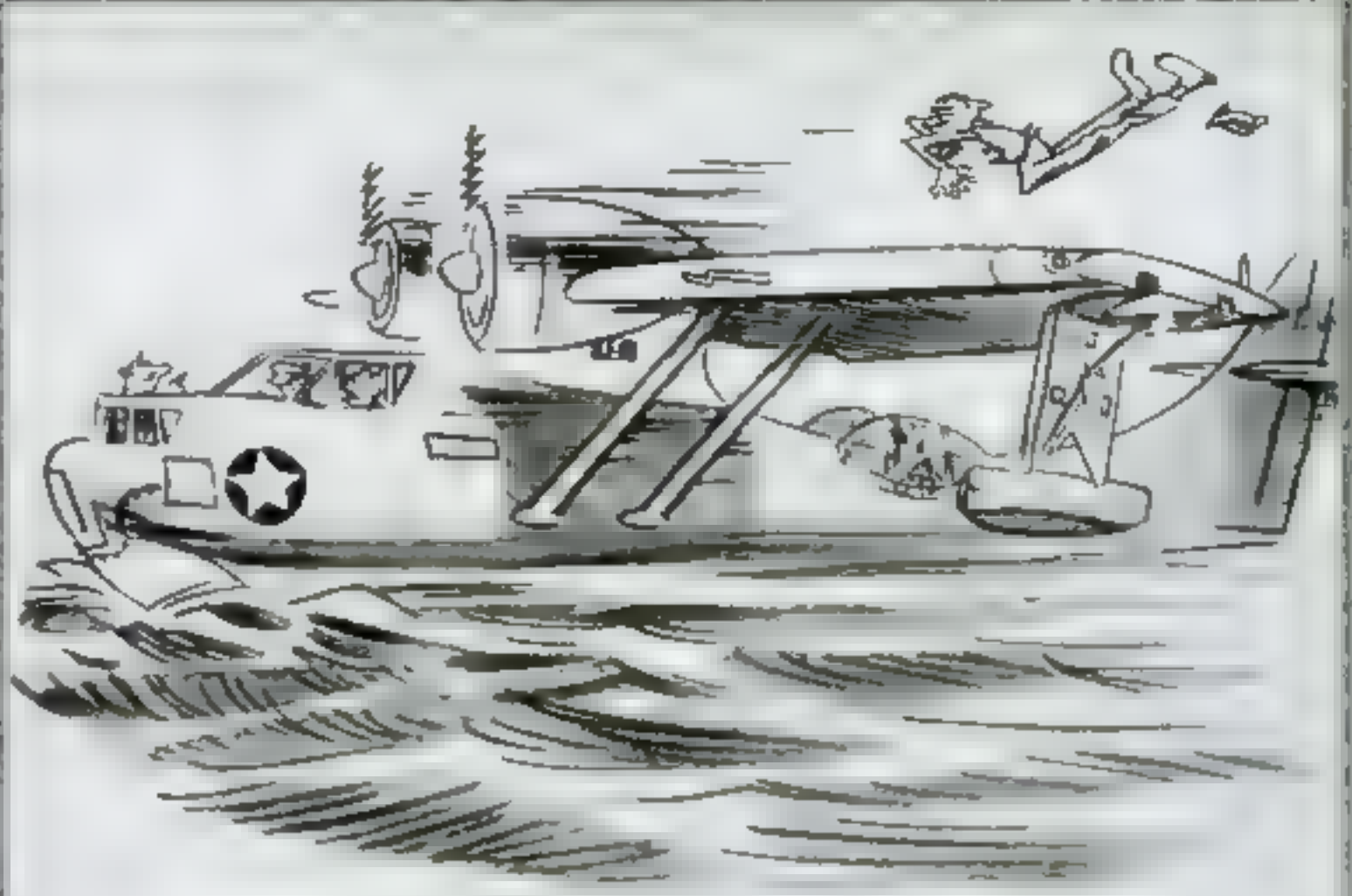
A sudden plunge slings Dilbert out of cockpit because he "felt the safety belt was too uncomfortable." Many of Dilbert's mistakes are fatal, but he always comes back for more.



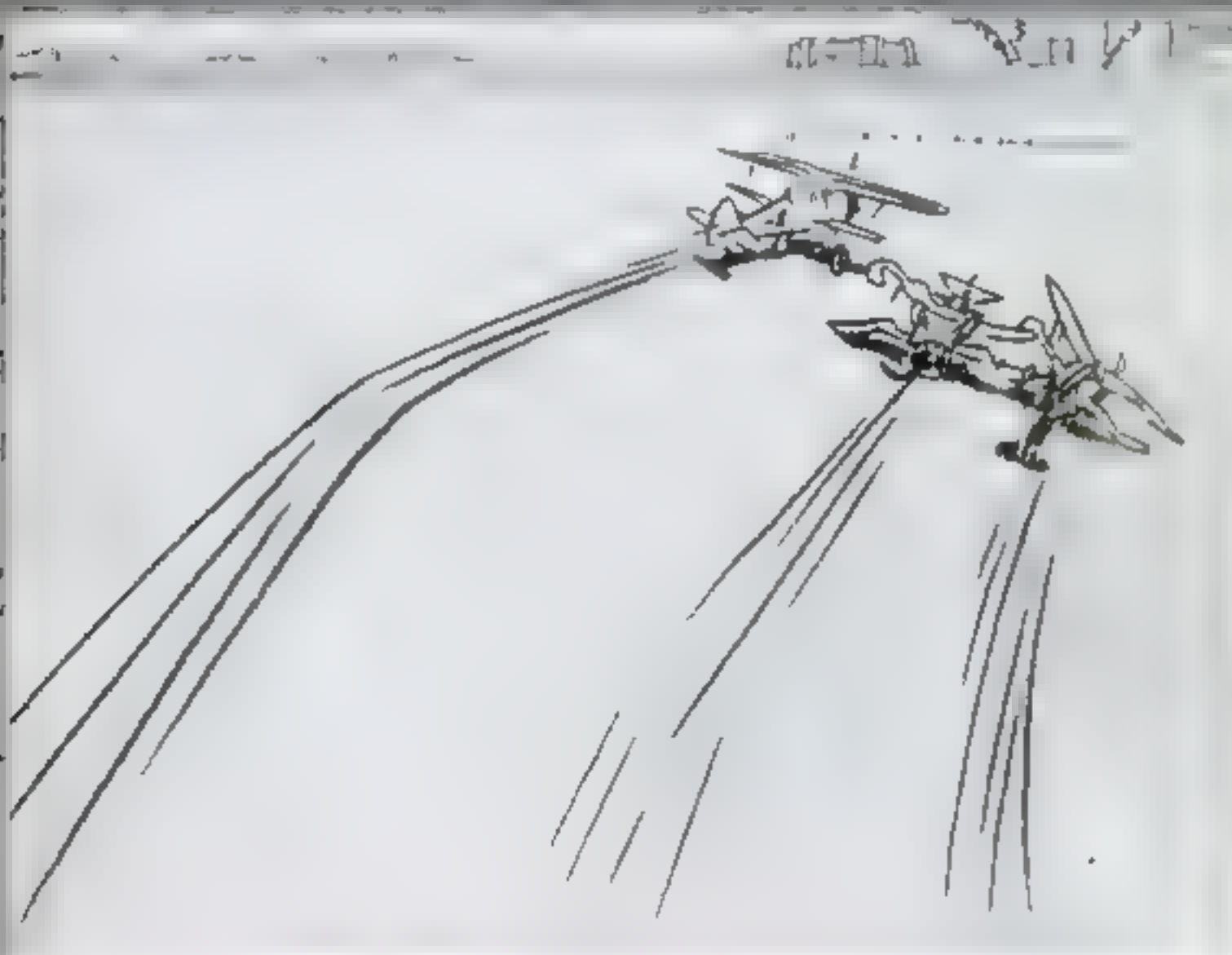
"Dilbert thought he was the only person in the air" may be classed with "I didn't know it was loaded." Navy fliers call these errors "dillies," from which Dilbert's name is derived.



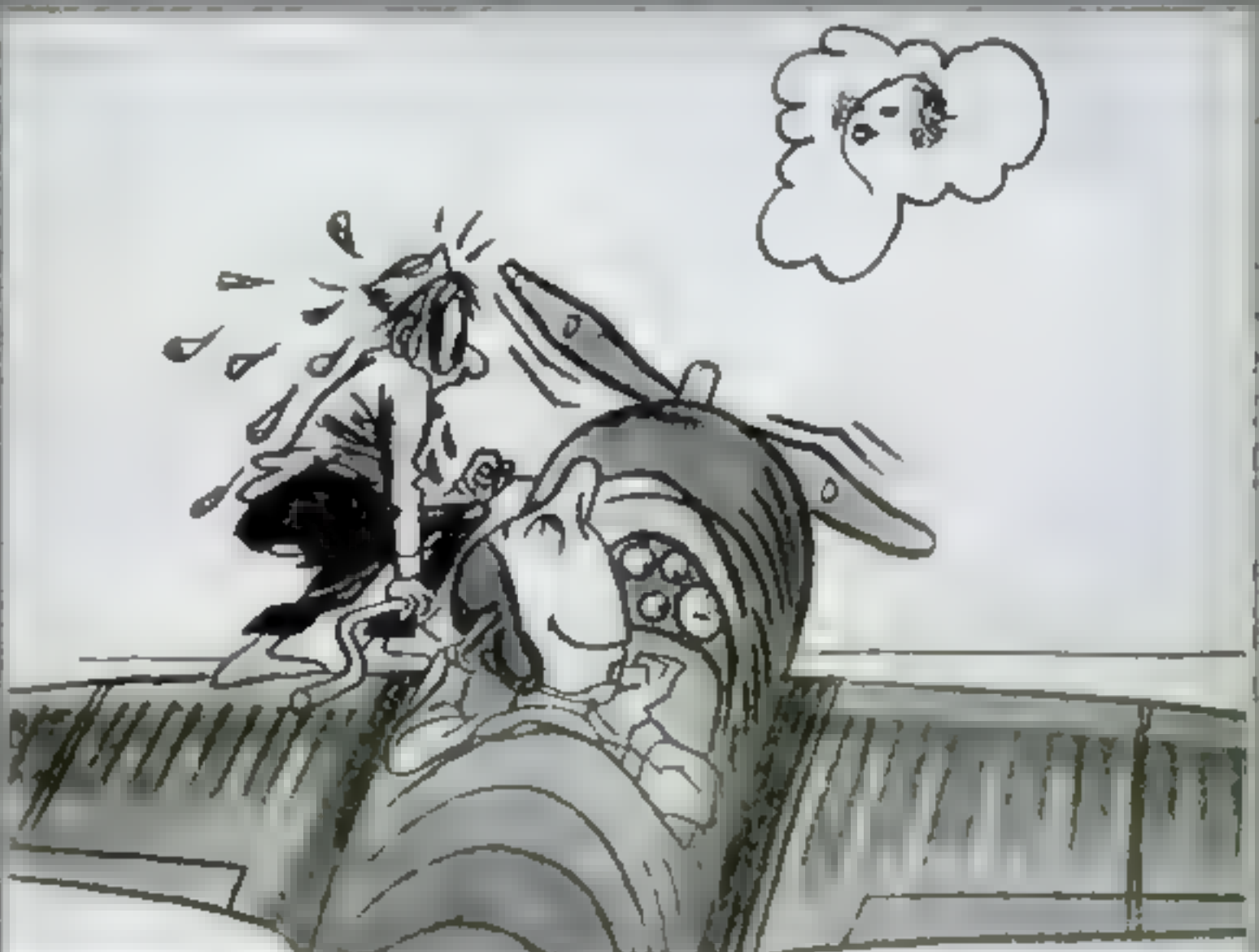
In target practice Dilbert ignores the line of fire beyond target screen. This cartoon deals with patrol bomber training, so Dilbert is conveniently assigned to the gun blister of a PBX.



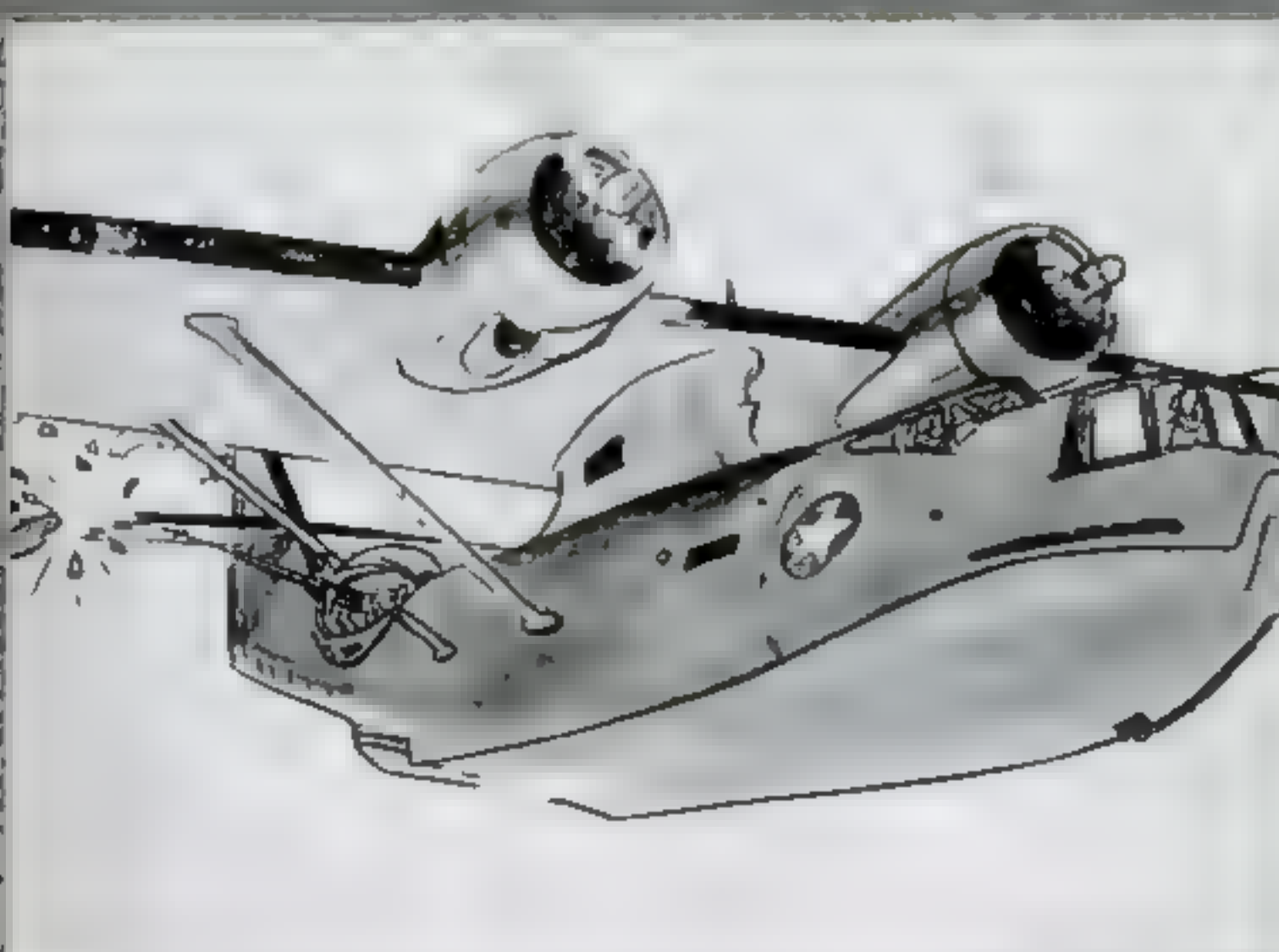
Dilbert always forgets to keep the engines properly throttled back when one of crew goes out on the wing of a flying boat, blows him into the water with powerful blast of prop wash.



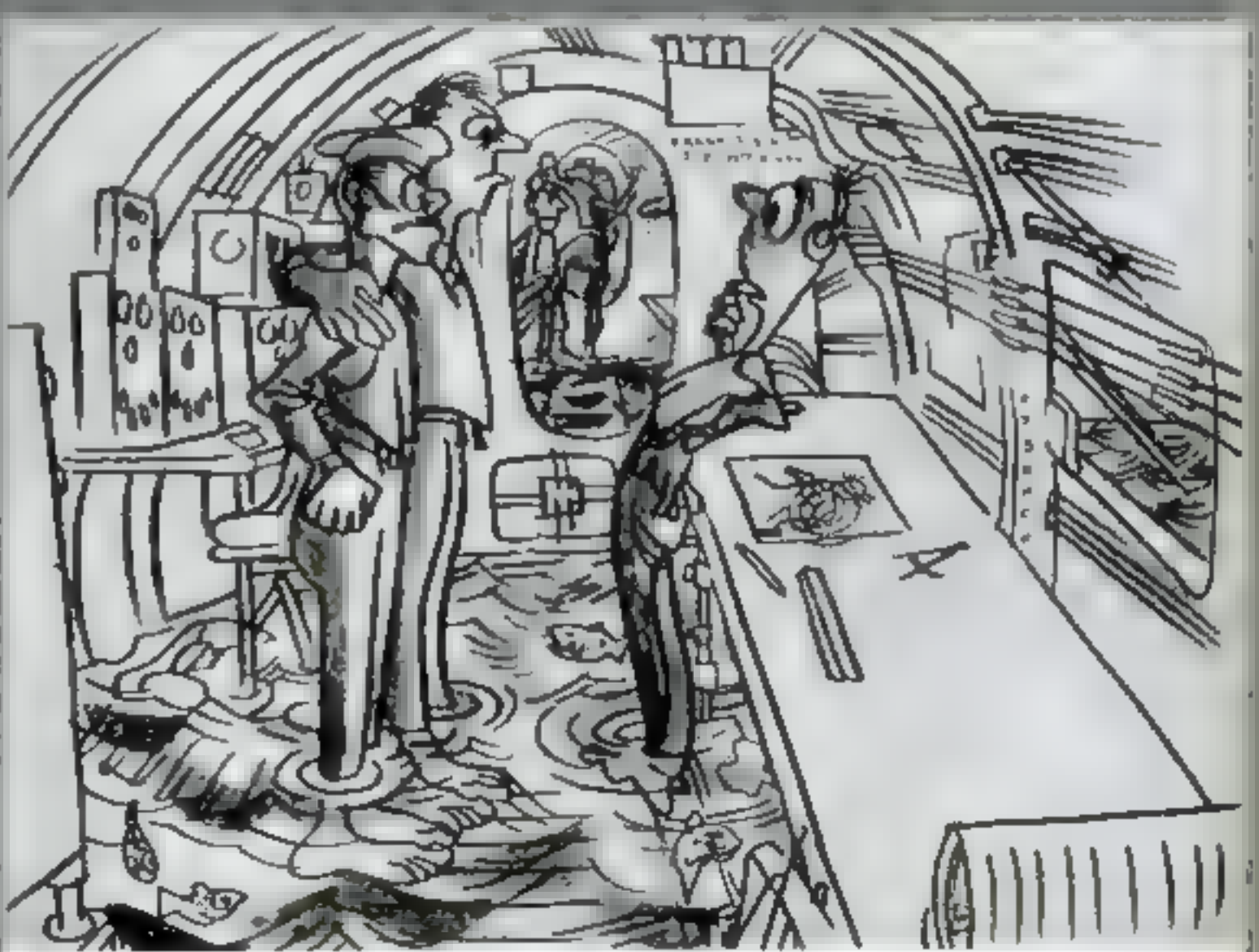
When landing in formation Dilbert cuts across in front of the other planes in 1st element. His reaction to this is typical Dilbertian philosophy: "Gee, these guys make some landings."



Dilbert often daydreams when he should be thinking of flying. Here he forgets to turn on the ignition switch, lets the mechanic grind away furiously at the crank of the motor starter.



Dilbert is surprised to discover that it is possible to hit the tail surface of his own plane with a machine-gun burst to the rear. The other members of his crew are even more astonished.



When Dilbert is navigator, he doesn't bother to keep an accurate and complete log of navigation check points. When his plane is forced down at sea he has no idea of its position.



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ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE

Give your winter shoes a rest . . . It's good judgment and a patriotic duty to make your summer shoes do a double job for you, this year and next . . . to give you cool summer comfort Now . . . to conserve your heavier shoes for wear next winter.

Illustrated, left to right: The ECLIPSE, The MERCURY, The RAMBLER

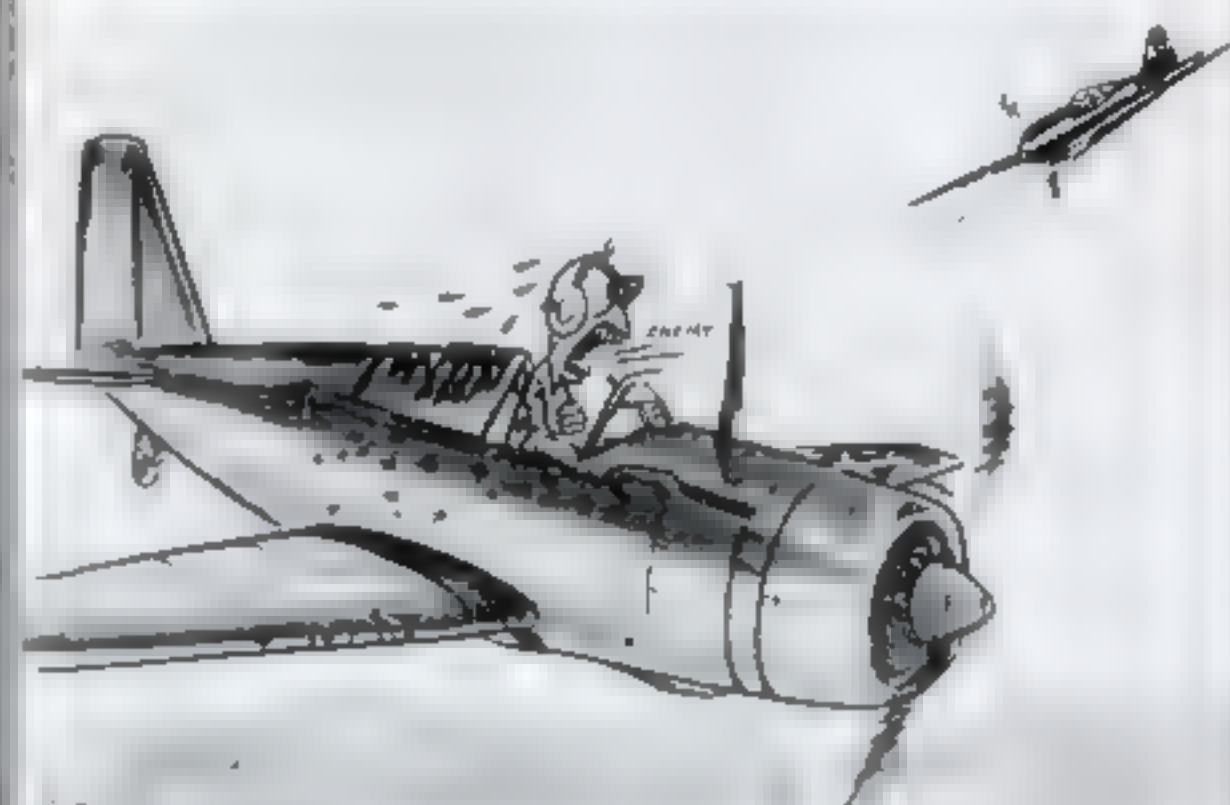
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Florsheim  *Shoes*

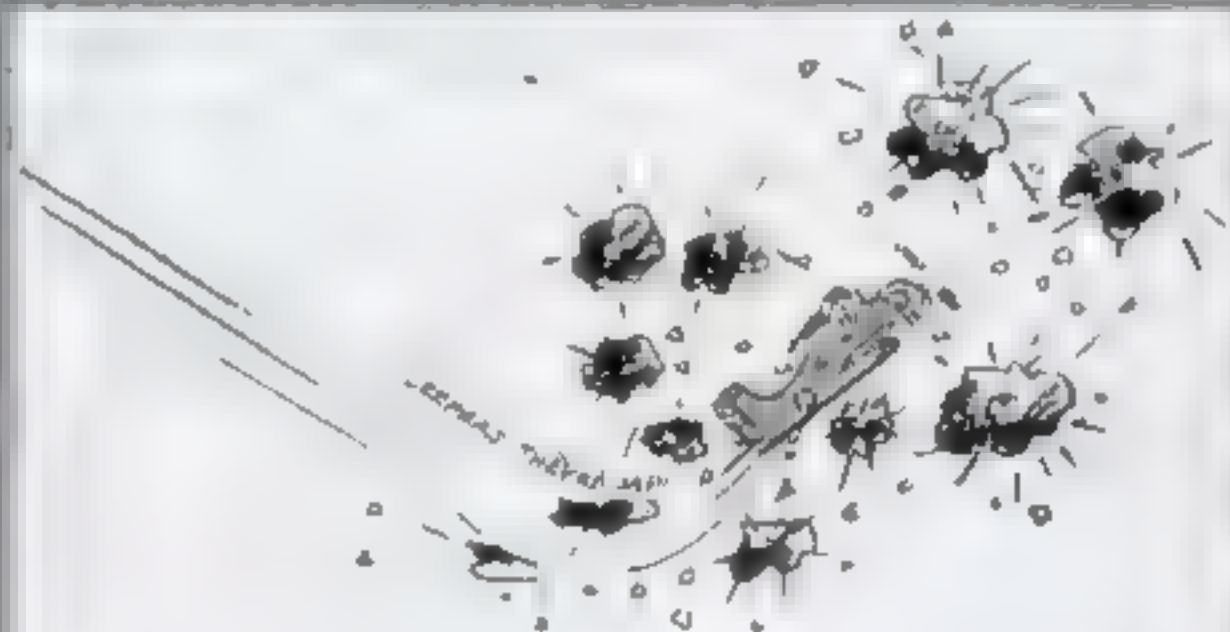
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

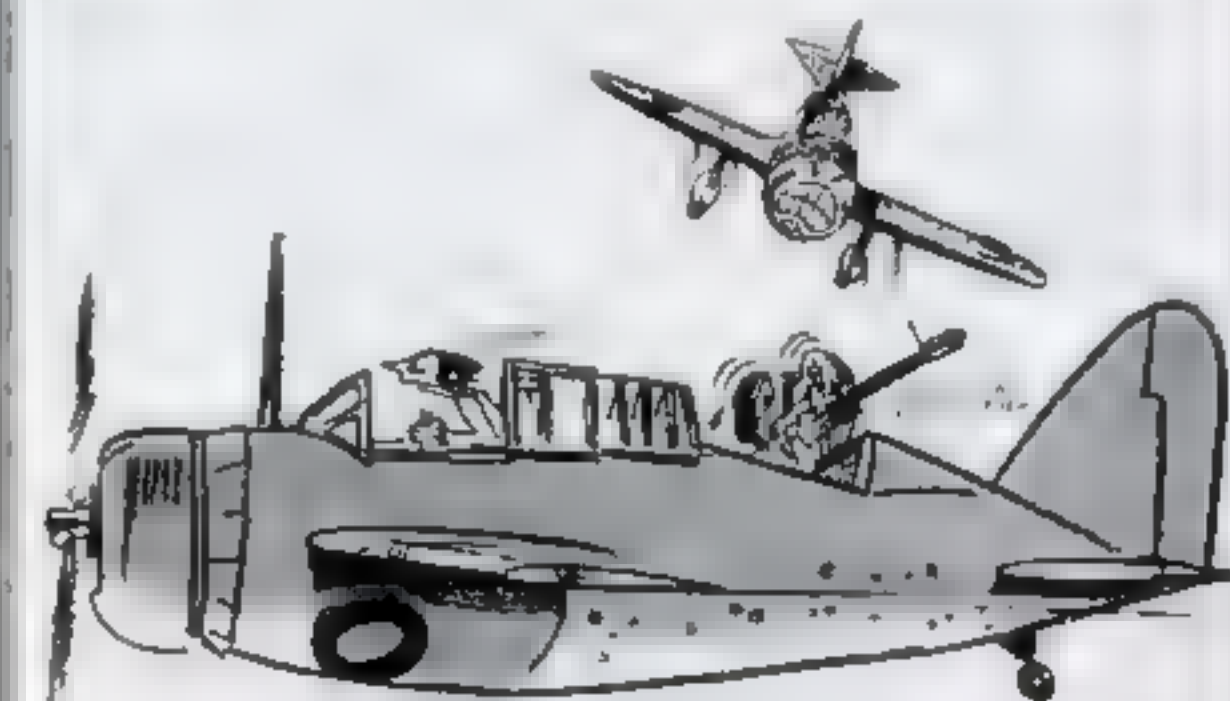
(continued)



In actual combat, too, Dilbert is genius of the incredible blunder. Here he discovers, too late, reason for courses in recognition of enemy aircraft.



Recognition courses are also given in identifying warships. But Dilbert has no way of telling friend from enemy until anti-aircraft fire begins.



Dilbert also discovers it is a mistake to fire too early and too long. Here he has to change exhausted machine-gun magazine while enemy shoots.

Birth of "Flying Horsepower!"

June 6, 1936—Production started
on Houdry base stock now used in
100 OCTANE AVIATION GASOLINE



When two workmen opened that valve one summer's day in Passaic, N. J., a new Catalytic Cracking machine "went to it" and *cracked* the Houdry unit in the world. This process is now used in making base stock for the world's finest 100 Octane Aviation Gasoline.

Thus America was given a new military weapon of unbelievable importance. For Catalytic Cracking is the *only* method by which this vital aviation fuel can be made in the

quantities needed by the United States and United Nations today.

Socony-Vacuum was the first to recognize the possibilities of Catalytic Cracking, brought Eugene Houdry to this country and worked with him in developing and perfecting this process. Socony-Vacuum has produced more Catalytic Cracked base stock for 100 Octane gasoline than any other company.

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markable new advance, our new "TCC Process" will enable America to increase greatly the quantity and quality of 100 Octane gasoline, *without* use of other materials.

"Flying Horsepower" will never increase flow, *our* contribution to America's air supremacy.

*The new Catalytic Cracking Process patented by Socony-Vacuum.

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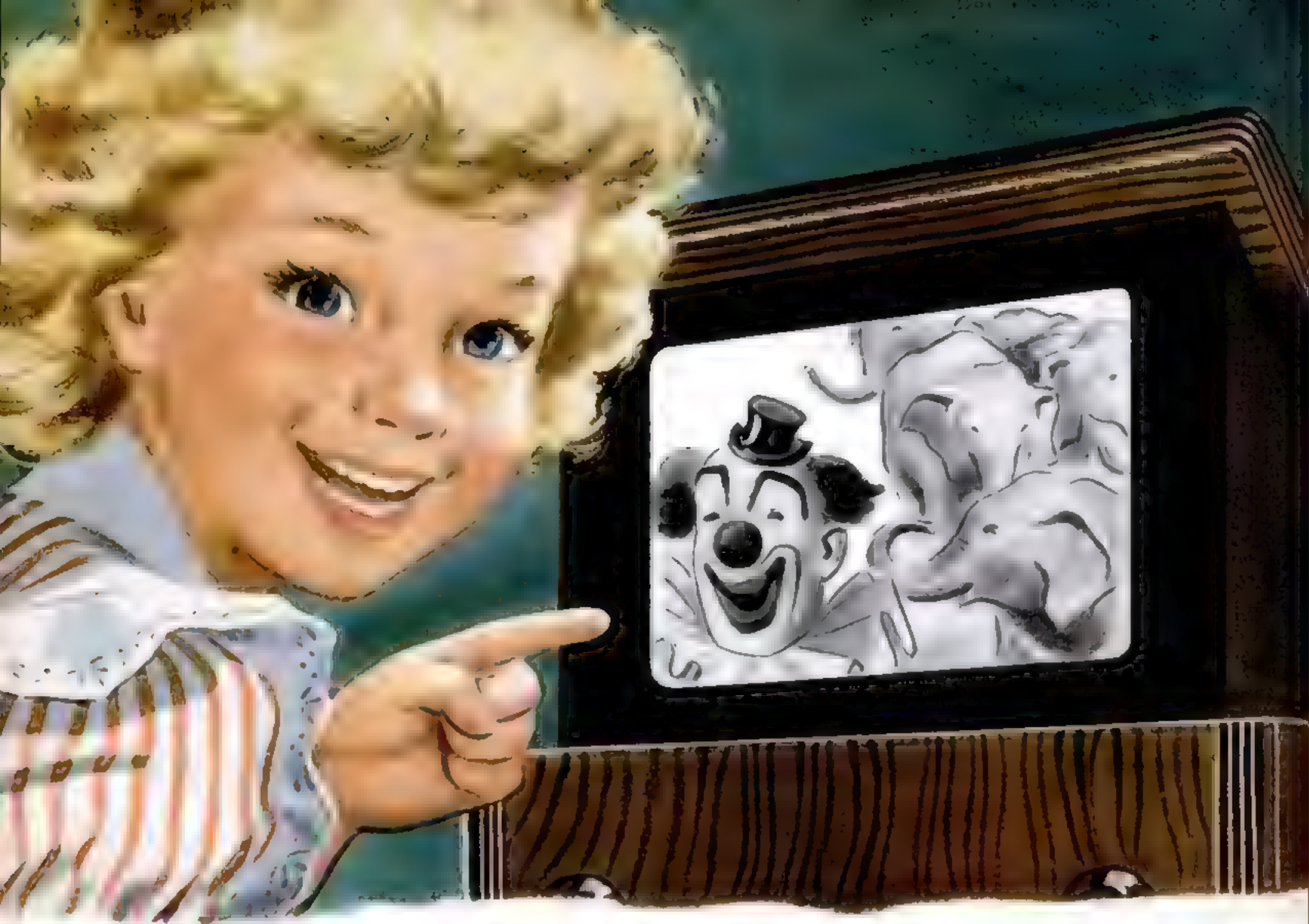


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Television and FM (a new kind of high-fidelity radio) are coming industries that will provide thousands of new jobs in the post-war world.

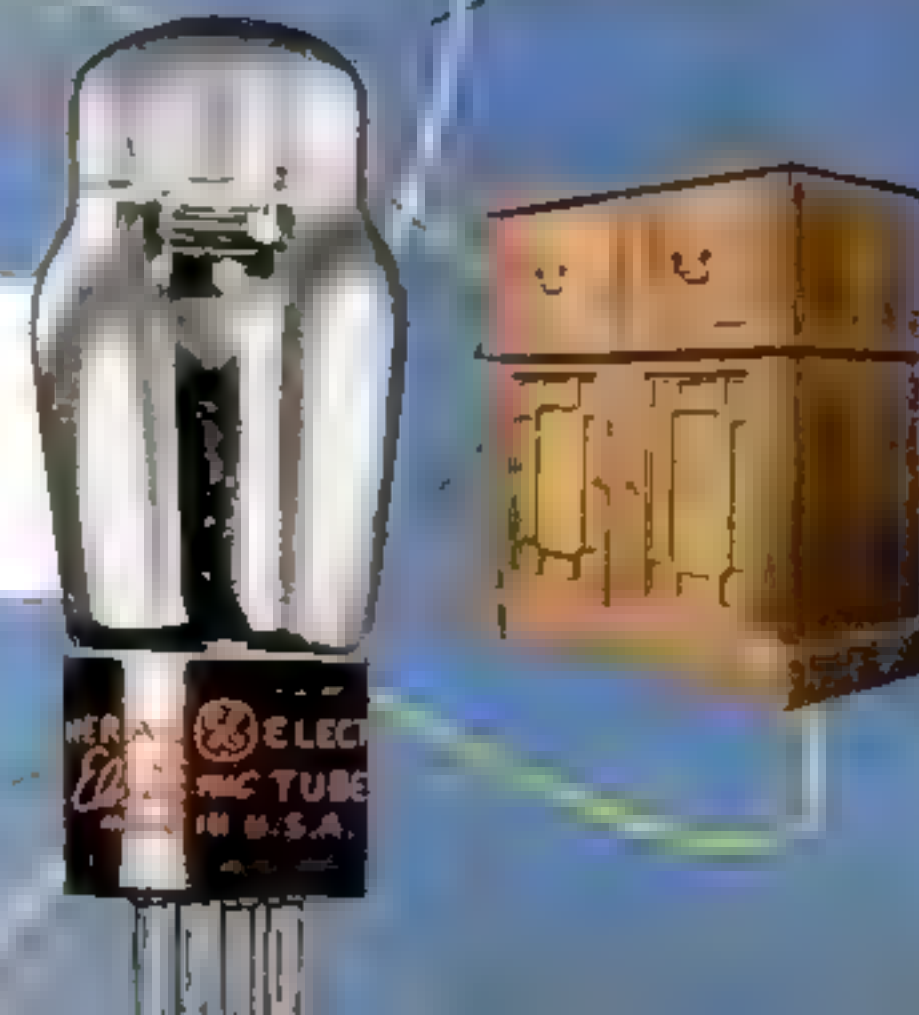
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LIFE'S PICTURES

Tom McAvoy, who took the pictures of the new U.S. destroyer (pp. 69-75) is a star member of LIFE's Washington staff. A friend of President Roosevelt, he is also a friend of the destroyer's captain, whom he got to know when the captain was stationed in Washington several years ago. At the left, McAvoy is shown on the bridge of the destroyer as it first put out to sea on one of its cruises. He is now on assignment for LIFE in South America.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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95—PETER STALKWOLFE

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT, BOTTOM; LT, LEFT; RT, RIGHT; T, TOP; INT, INTERNATIONAL; W, W, WIDE WORLD

The art of making a date

by Bob Hope



1. It's easy to make a date. If you're a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and pleasant... like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.

2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Pepsodent. In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.



3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So turn out the lights and sit in the dark praising Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is follow the beam and you'll never miss her kisser.



4. Later, if you go for a walk, tilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of "come-on" these days, because they're buying and using more Pepsodent than any other brand.



5. Always look neat. If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair outside. Shiny teeth are okay, though... because you'll taste better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush with Pepsodent to put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on you can move the gleam up to your eye.

See you Tuesday Night on NBC.

Remember...
DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

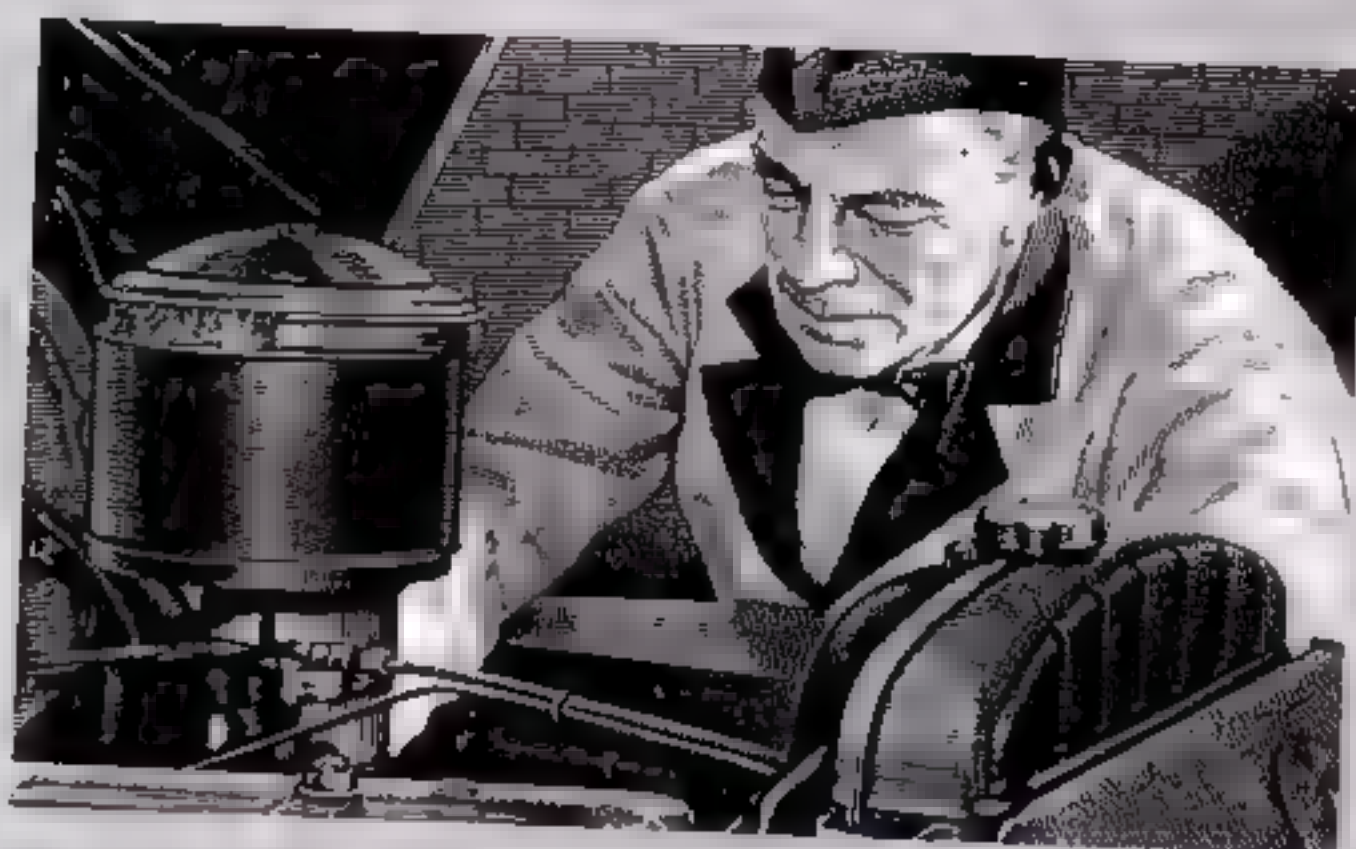


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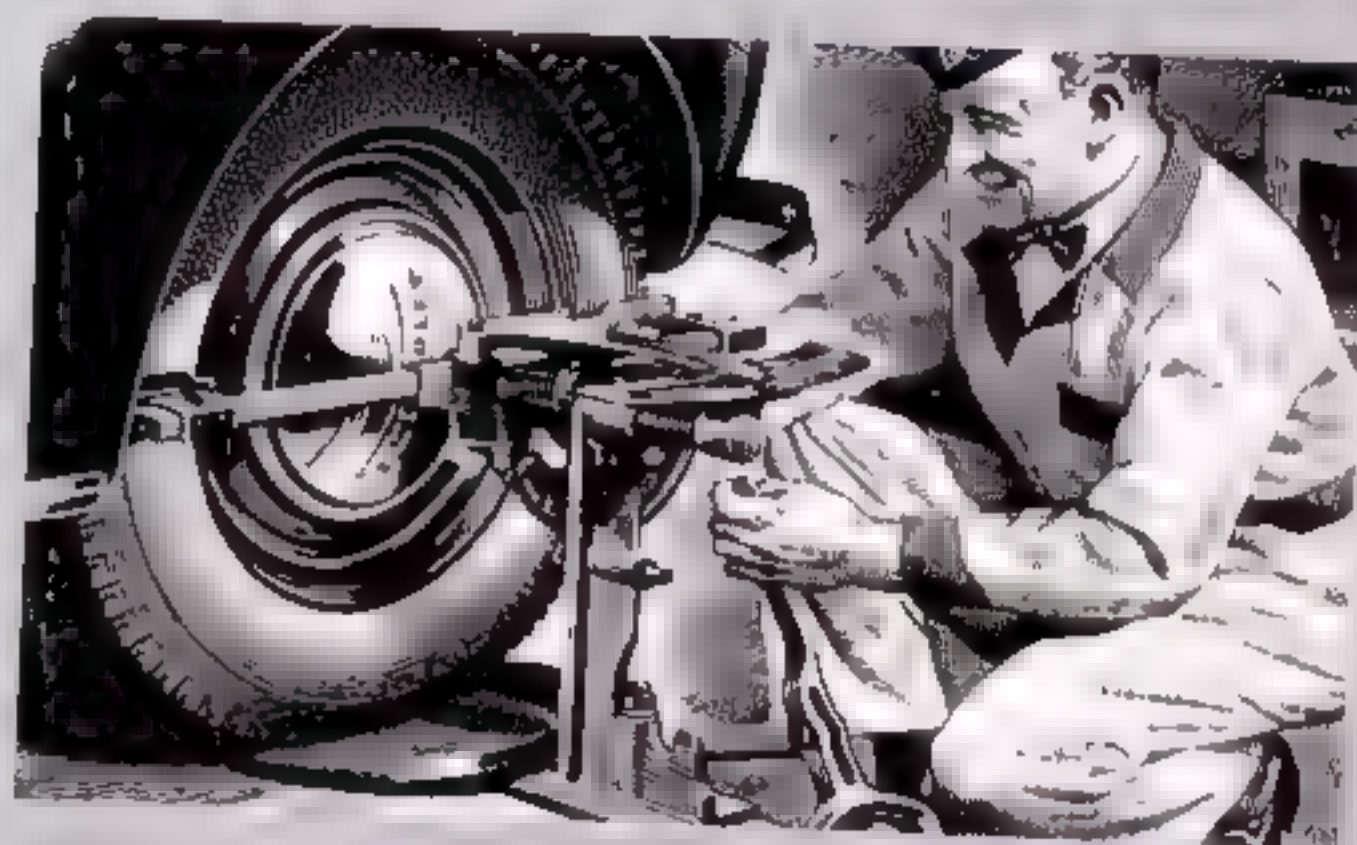
for victory, day after day, in many,
many ways.



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CONSERVES

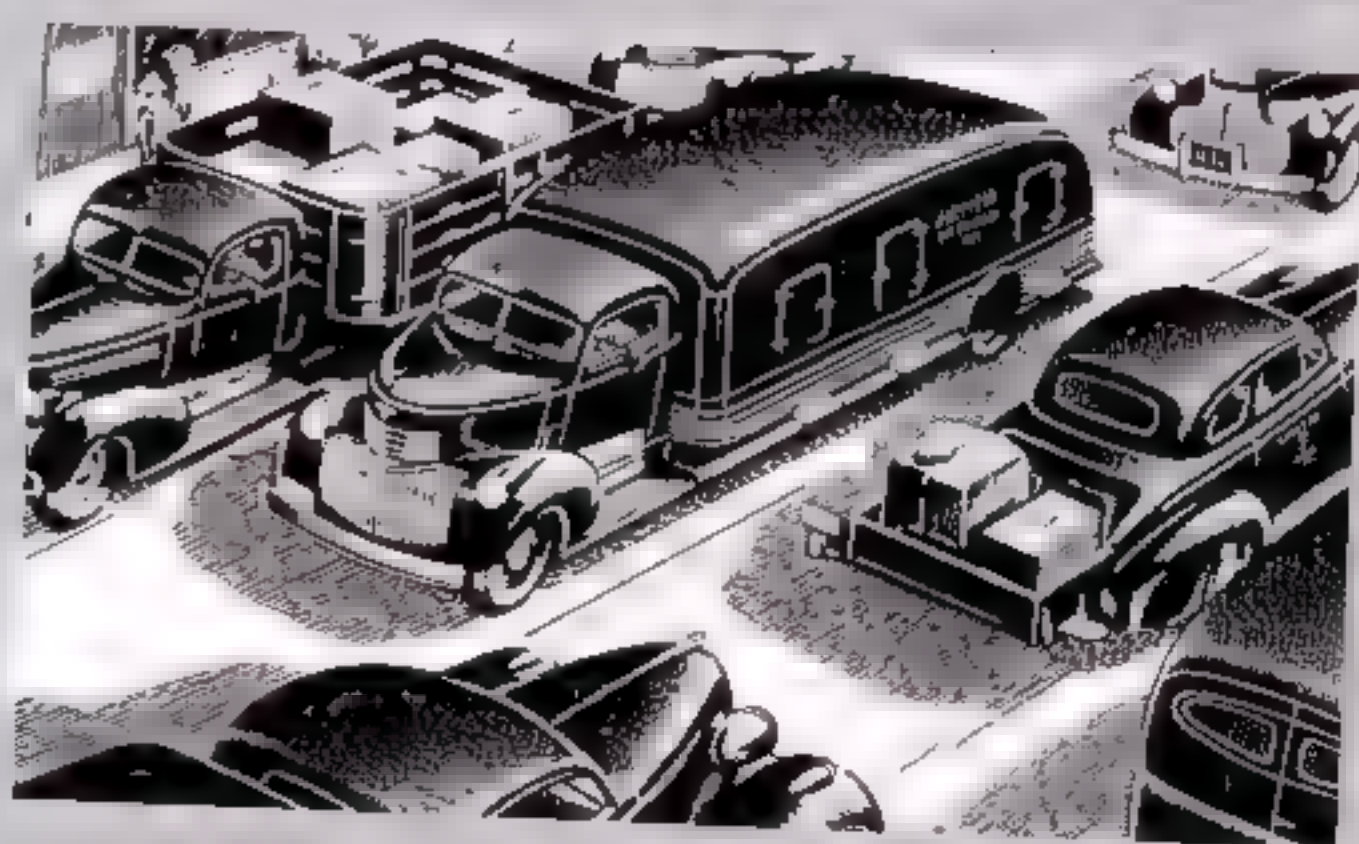
the lives of the vital cars and trucks which
are serving industry—serving agriculture
—serving all America.



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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



AMERICAN SOLDIERS OF FIRST DIVISION WHO DEFEATED 10TH GERMAN PANZERS POSE AFTER COMING OUT OF BATTLE. NOTICE SERGEANT IN FOREGROUND WITH SHOES OFF

ALLIES OVERRUN NORTH AFRICA

"Well, Dad, we stopped the best they had," began a letter from an American boy at El Guettar where the U. S. Second Corps in Tunisia threw back the 10th German Panzer Division. The Americans above, with their shirts open at the neck, had wondered sometimes how they would stack up in the pay-off fight. Now they knew and they smiled. The men above were tired and dirty when LIFE Photographer Eliot Elisofon found them coming out of the line. They had been punching at the Germans, up and down hill for over a week. Some of their tentmates had been killed and wounded, sent to the rear or left forever beneath the steppe grass of Tunisia. But it was plain, as they posed for their picture, that they were no longer in any doubt about their ability to outfight the German Wehrmacht. They had German Mausers, entrenching tools, helmets, small arms, flare pistols, to prove it. "Listen," said one, "this here's the best damned division in the Army."

That was a month ago. Last week the last moun-

tains defending the plains fell to the First Army. The Americans took the road to Bizerte. The British took the Medjerda valley road to Tunis. The Allied artillery grew "unbearable" to the Germans and the heavens fell on them. The huge wheeling movement, based on the British Eighth Army in the south, swept over the outer defenses of the last two bases from which Germany had any hope of keeping the Mediterranean closed. The Americans reached Bizerte five minutes before the British reached Tunis.

In effect, the campaign of North Africa was finished, though there still remained the fine mountain positions leading to the Cape Bon peninsula, devoid of good harbors, but lined with newly built jetties. How much of an army remained to the Germans was a guess, ranging from 170,000 to 50,000. It was a doomed army, the first German army that the democracies have had an opportunity to destroy. It had once had a kick like a mule, but now it had no future. Who commanded it was also a mystery. Rommel and

Von Arnim were both reported to have flown home, supposedly leaving one General Gustave von Vaerst to superintend the obsequies.

The final battle of the plain started on April 23, St. George's Day (the First Army's emblem is the St. George cross) and the victory was complete on May 8, Joan of Arc day, to the delight of French General Giraud. This was exactly six months after the first North African landings.

When Cape Bon is cleaned up, the Allies will hold the southern shore of the Mediterranean from Syria to Spanish Morocco. The Germans broadcast that they expected an invasion of the northern shores even before extermination of the Afrika Korps. Whether this would be against Sardinia, Sicily, Italy, Crete or Greece was anyone's guess. The purpose of such attacks on points still far from Germany would presumably be to get air bases from which to bomb Germany. Last week the Spaniards claimed they had seen an Allied invasion convoy leaving Gibraltar.



German graveyard beside the Gafsa-Gabes road contains 120 neat, stone-headed graves. Commented one American soldier: "They sure know how to fix up their dead." Said another:

"They ought to. They've been at it long enough." Here they buried Erich Kissling, aged 20, killed on March 30. Only 1 word the real old Germans leave their dead unburied in the retreat.



Set among hills, grave of Sergeant Werner Haas shows he died April 1, just before 28th birthday. Sometimes a sign says, "These dead gave their spirits for the glory of Greater Germany."



Battered helmet shows how Chief Sergeant Erhard Lege, 30, died on March 22 in the fighting along the Gafsa road. Germans give dead Americans identical graves marked "Amerikaner."

THE VICTORS

American heroes are decorated for combat that filled German graves

Death and glory are the two old reliable trademarks of war. The Germans at El Guettar collected the death (*opposite*), the Americans the glory. The men on this page are receiving Silver Stars, awarded only for gallantry in action. Among other recipients last week were Brig. General Theodore Roosevelt (his second) and his son, Captain Quentin. All these men deliberately took the gamble on death or glory and won.

The fact was that the Americans in Tunisia had developed into a first-class fighting outfit, already worthy to fight beside the superb British Eighth Army and the First Army veterans of Dunkirk. The Americans seemed cooler, more casual, more workmanlike in action. They took war as a very interesting job in which they were determined to excel. In the tight spots they had a tremendous loyalty to one another and utter concentration on the job. The Americans' most notable specialty was in concentrating artillery fire quickly and heavily and moving it around fast, directing it from extremely advanced observation posts. The infantry proved again and again that it could meet and stop German tanks.

But the Americans found death too on the smooth, green, symmetrical hills of northern Tunisia, among the yellow wheat and the scarlet poppies and the bright fields of nameless little flowers. At Gafsa one cemetery held 600 American dead. There were others. The living, however, reported that Tunisia was a delightful vacation spot. True, there were flies in the coffee and the mosquito season was beginning in earnest and the Americans were overdressed for the heat. But as the campaign drew to its close, the veterans of half a dozen hard battles looked forward to the earned rest of victors before the invasion of Europe.



Decorations are presented April 9 in the El Guettar valley to men of the headquarters company of a U. S. artillery battalion

by acting battalion commander, Major Paul B. Lemman of New Orleans. They saw action at Sbeitla and El Guettar.



Lieut. Kenneth C. Mason of Springfield, Ohio directed gunfire while exposed to enemy fire.



Lieut. Richard D. Bush of Rockford, Ill. went far forward to direct fire for artillery.



Private John D. Perkins of Greenwood, Fla. forced an enemy tank to disclose its position.



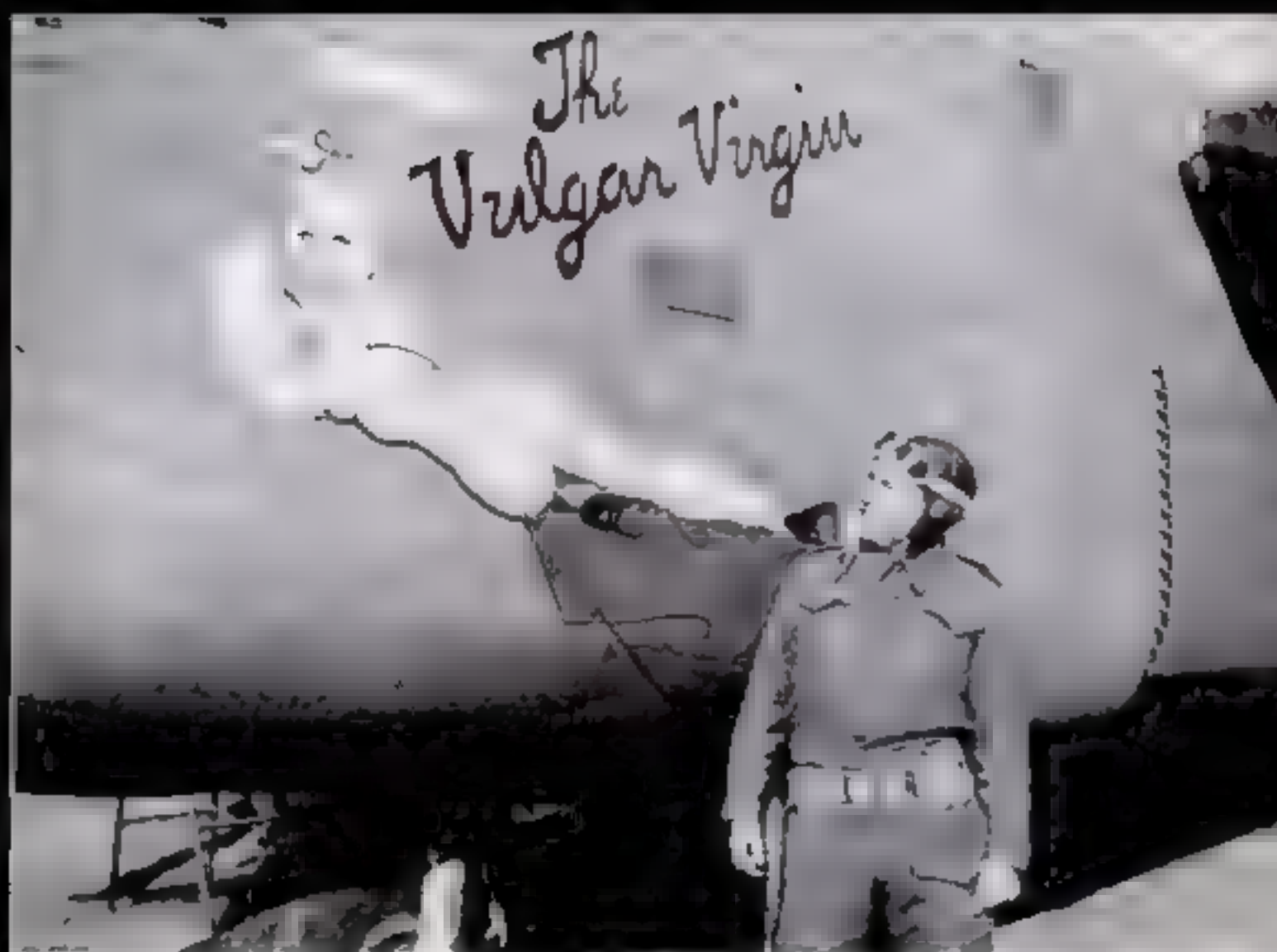
Lieut. Alvin E. Christensen of St. Paul, Neb. carried in U. S. wounded under enemy fire.

NINTH AIR FORCE

Fliers who smeared Afrika Korps relax off duty

"The most concentrated air attack of the war," soberly read the May 6 Allied teletype from Tunisia. For nine hours that day four planes a minute went over to smear the German positions. Awed and grateful, infantrymen shook the hand of airmen whenever they could find them. A total of 2,500 sorties were flown that day, following a day of 1,500 sorties. From Nov. 8 to May 2 the Allied Air Forces in North Africa, including the U. S. 12th and 9th, and the R.A.F., had dropped 9,000 tons of bombs on the Axis, destroyed 1,655 enemy planes against a loss of 631. This was airpower with a vengeance. Against it, the Germans could only avoid aerial combat and use their small force against Allied artillery and infantry positions.

These pictures, taken by Army photographers, show how the men of General Brereton's 9th U. S. Air Force live in North Africa. These fliers, here seen in their off-duty hours, operated mainly with the British Eighth Army. They are the pioneers of what is rapidly growing into the greatest air force in the world, which will gradually unfold the meaning of airpower to the Germans.



This young woman on the plane of Lieut. Jack K. Wood of Wichita Falls, Texas, has seen a lot of action in Tunisia. Name was picked by squadron vote. Notice fire extinguisher sign.



An Arab with his camel is questioned by a 9th Air Force outpost before being allowed to proceed. The Arabs are called "gooks" or "wogs" by soldiers. The guards have started a slit trench.



Between missions, American fliers relax on the field. Flight Officer Jerome J. Walsh of Milwaukee, Wis., describes this as "saying farewell to my leg before starting on next mission."



Grandstand at the volley-ball game of the Earthquakers bombing group of the 9th Air Force is a Mitchell bomber (B-25). The net poles evidently require constant support by bystanders.



African sandstorm swoops down on a partially dismantled B-25 bomber plane on desert of southern Tunisia. Plane has one wing off. In northern Tunisia, sandstorms were left behind.



A dream of fair women looks down on the sparetime reading of Captain Marvin Parkhurst of St. Paul, Minn., who also maintains a good working map of Tunisian battlefield (right).



African sand fleas that invaded the blankets of Corporal Robert M. Owens of Abilene, Texas, and Private Paul H. Allen of Plattsburg, N. Y., are killed by soaking and wringing in kerosene.



Instead of a camp, body of transport is home to Sergeant Harold Crook of Dayton, Ohio, and Corporal Jess J. LaBluff of Browning, Mont., in breakneck advance of Eighth Army.



French franc notes, in which men of the 9th are paid in Tunisia, are the final financial completion. After mastering relation of pounds and dollars, the men are baffled anew by francs.



A high wind works under the fly of this 9th Air Force tent and tries to balloon it across the Sahara. Caught by surprise, the soldiers make haste to tighten the guy ropes under pressure.



Broadcast from home is heard by (l to r) Lieut. C. Lind, Major G. Thomas, Lieut. J. Abraham, Lieut. W. H. Reed, Lieut. H. H. Stanford, Lieut. J. Bayham, Lieut. R. B. King, Lieut. E. Sikes.



SOME 30 U. S. COLONELS, MAJORS AND CAPTAINS OF GENERAL MARK CLARK'S STAFF SIT DOWN TO PIGEON WITH HONEY (FOURTH COURSE) IN THE CAID'S STRIPED BANQUET TENT

MOROCCO FEAST

The potent Caid of Rehamna tribe entertains General Clark and staff

A thousand miles away from the fighting, Lieut. General Mark Clark and his Fifth Army await the next big assignment in the Mediterranean theater. To make their stay in Morocco pleasant, the No. 1 native chief of the region, the Caid El Avadi of the Rehamna, recently gave a great feast (*diatta*). General Clark came accompanied by a large staff. The courses included pigeon pie (very thin sheets of dough stuffed with pigeon, crushed almonds, egg yolks, parsley, butter, orange-

blossom, water, roast mutton, barbecued mutton, pigeon with almonds and honey, chicken stuffed with rice, raisins and nuts, cooked in a batter of cinnamon, onions, butter, honey and saffron, roast chicken garnished with pickled olives and lemon peel, three more mutton dishes, one sauced and covered with an omelet, *cous cous*—cereal paste and mutton, oranges, coffee and mint tea. The only utensil supplied was a tablespoon to scoop up the *cous cous*. The food was superb.



At head tables, the Emir of Bebanza has on his right U.S. Lieut. General Mark Clark, commander of the 5th Army. Though Moslems usually eat with right hand, notice that Emir is left-handed.

General Clark pulls off small piece of roast mutton (second course). Hearty eating at this stage does not pay, for there are nine courses to go. Only water is drunk with the meal, coffee and mint tea later.



Covers to keep food warm have been removed from empty vessels. The Emir's servants stand and watch the guests eat. Notice slippers left outside the tent (center foreground).

Without eating tools, General Clark sucks fingers. Bowls of water and soap are passed before and after meal. This sweet mutton is flavored with honey, onions and almonds.



WHERE DO WE STAND?

BETWEEN THE COAL CRISIS AND BIZERTE, IT IS TIME FOR A GOOD LOOK AT OURSELVES

This Spring of 1943 is a sort of turning point in the war. Bizerte has fallen; our Army in Africa has learned to fight. Many shrewd observers think they can see the end of the war. U. S. arms production keeps hitting new highs. The Treasury's Second War Loan was oversubscribed. In some ways, everything seems to be clicking. Then, abruptly, 530,000 coal miners down their tools, and may do so again. Obviously a country in which that can happen is not really organized for war at all.

What does it all add up to? Are we winning or losing? Where do we stand?

We stand just about where Churchill said Britain stood after the battle of El Alamein—at "the end of the beginning." The truth is that our country, despite our African victory, has not yet begun to fight as a nation.

What We Owe John Lewis

John Lewis has reminded us how distant and unreal, to most Americans, the war still is. As a measure of this, take the reaction of the soldiers. They are the minority of Americans to whom war is very close and real indeed. When they heard about the coal strike, they were shocked and furious. A pilot in the 14th U. S. Air Force in Kunming said, "I'd just as soon shoot one of those strikers as shoot down Japs—they're doing just as much to lose the war for us." Another pilot in the same force, a union man, said: "I wonder what the hell John Lewis and his gang would do if we went on strike out here." In England Lieut. William Colantoni of Pennsylvania, a member of the United Mine Workers who has been on 21 bombing missions, wished he could take Lewis on his next trip. Colonel Robert L. Scott, an ace with 13 Japs to his credit, said quite seriously, "I know I could do one service . . . destruction (of Lewis) with six machine guns."

To civilian ears, talk like Colonel Scott's sounds almost vicious. The rest of us were shocked by the strike too, but not in quite that way. A strike is not unthinkable to U.S. civilians, for 530,000 U.S. civilians, however reluctantly, struck. Just as Stalin's ruthless break with Poland revealed in a flash the true flimsiness of the United Nations structure, so Lewis, equally ruthless, showed up the unrealism of the Administration's controls of wages, prices and inflation—the weaknesses of the home front.

The civilian's answer to John Lewis, therefore, should be not to curse him, but to thank him for a useful reminder. And having done that, we should make a careful estimate of where the U.S. stands in the war, and what we still have to do to win it.

Militarily, we have scarcely begun to fight. The boys who died at Bataan, at Guadalcanal, even at Mateur and Bizerte, died in the same cause as the many who have

fallen in training planes over Texas and California—the cause of preparation. The real war against Hitler must take place on the continent of Europe and end not short of Berlin. Bombing Germany, too, is preparation. It must never be forgotten that the U.S. and British armies have yet to engage the main body of the German Army in the field.

As for the defeat of Japan, that lies at the end of a still longer and equally bloody trail. Only the Chinese have yet tangled with a whole Jap Army. Our war against Japan still partakes of the Hollywood character it had last year. Only last week the Navy released details of the naval action off the Komandorskie Islands; it was at best a draw, but the press headlines made it sound like an American victory.

How about production? We have plenty to be proud of. Our total output of aircraft reached 6,200 in March (including more than 500 heavy bombers) and was nearer 7,000 in April. WPB's index of all U.S. arms output stood at 100 in November 1941, at 202 in March 1942 and at 533 a year later. But is even that good enough? Undersecretary Patterson and General Somervell both claim that our Army will not be fully equipped until late in 1944. Meanwhile WPB itself is going through more of its endless internal troubles, and the Washington talk is that Don Nelson will have to go.

The Bill Is In

None of us, except soldiers and sailors, can claim that he has suffered very much from the war so far. When Leon Henderson, a year ago, warned that our standard of living would be forced back to the level of 1932, we all said "How true!"—and went on spending money. Our standard of living is still almost twice as high as in 1932. But this spring the bill is in and must be paid. From now on the shortages will be real, not statistical; in the kitchen, not just on paper.

The problem which can no longer be put off is how to distribute these sacrifices in a way that is both fair and designed to keep everybody producing at peak efficiency. On this problem neither the people, the Congress, nor the Administration has yet made a dent. Congress has yet to agree on an adequate tax bill. Manpower is still a muddle. The cost of living still soars. OPA price ceilings are violated far and wide.

The coal crisis which brought all these failures to light also stimulated some answers. Senator Connally introduced an anti-strike bill. OPA's answer is to announce that it will roll back food prices 10% by June 1, using subsidies to maintain production. Previously Congress had objected to subsidies, but Mr. Brown hopes to by-pass Congress by going to the RFC. But Mr. Brown cannot

"roll back" prices or even keep them where they are unless the whole anti-inflation program—price control, taxes, savings, wages—is coordinated and made a single front.

Amateurish though its efforts to control inflation have been, the Government does not deserve all the blame. Some of it belongs to the U. S. civilian. For example, price ceilings. Not having a Gestapo, OPA cannot hope to enforce all its ceilings unless the butcher, the baker and the housekeeper want them enforced, and want it badly enough to report violators. In some cities OPA has received good cooperation, but not many. What is worse, real black markets are spreading, chiefly in meat and gasoline.

Americans are a traditionally lawless people. We are still paying the penalty for our experiment with Prohibition, when so many of us broke the law that we tend to think it is all right to do so again. But it isn't all right. The ethics of meatlegging and of bootlegging are not the same. During Prohibition the supply of booze was plentiful; the man who patronized a bootlegger, though he broke the law, was otherwise hurting nobody but himself. But the man or woman who patronizes a black market in wartime is not only breaking the law, but depriving others of their just share of a limited supply. U.S. civilians are all on one raft together now; there is not enough to go round, and will not be until the war is over.

The Civilians' Job

The civilian's job differs from the soldier's in two basic ways: first, nobody is shooting at him; second, he cannot escape the duty of personal choice. The second difference makes the civilian's job a very hard one. Civilian life in wartime is a dull and humdrum business; about like being a soldier in peacetime. His tasks are tedious, negative things like working longer hours, refraining from unnecessary travel, going without. The job of being a civilian carries neither glory, glamor nor risk. It produces no heroes (it has certainly produced none yet). But it carries a terrific responsibility: the responsibility to do one's best voluntarily, and to keep the country free and democratic. For the freer and more voluntary the civilian's effort is, the more efficient it will be.

The civilian also has the job of understanding what's going on. He cannot duck this job by seeking villains; for there are no villains in a society as complex as ours, not even John Lewis. The civilian's job has been easy up to now. But the homefront war has started. And the only incentive we can count on is neither money nor good living, but the news of increasing casualties and bloodier battles from abroad. That, and the hope of victory.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

If the German Wehrmacht had not threatened Gibraltar, the British would not have dug their fantastic honeycomb of caves and tunnels in the Rock

and bored into a series of five caverns with pools in the heart of the Rock. Gibraltar garrisons have thirsted for water, but here are 70,000 gallons of

good water. Gibraltar limestone has here formed crystalline calcite in stalactites, stalagmites, curtains, stone waterfall—chandeliers and islands.



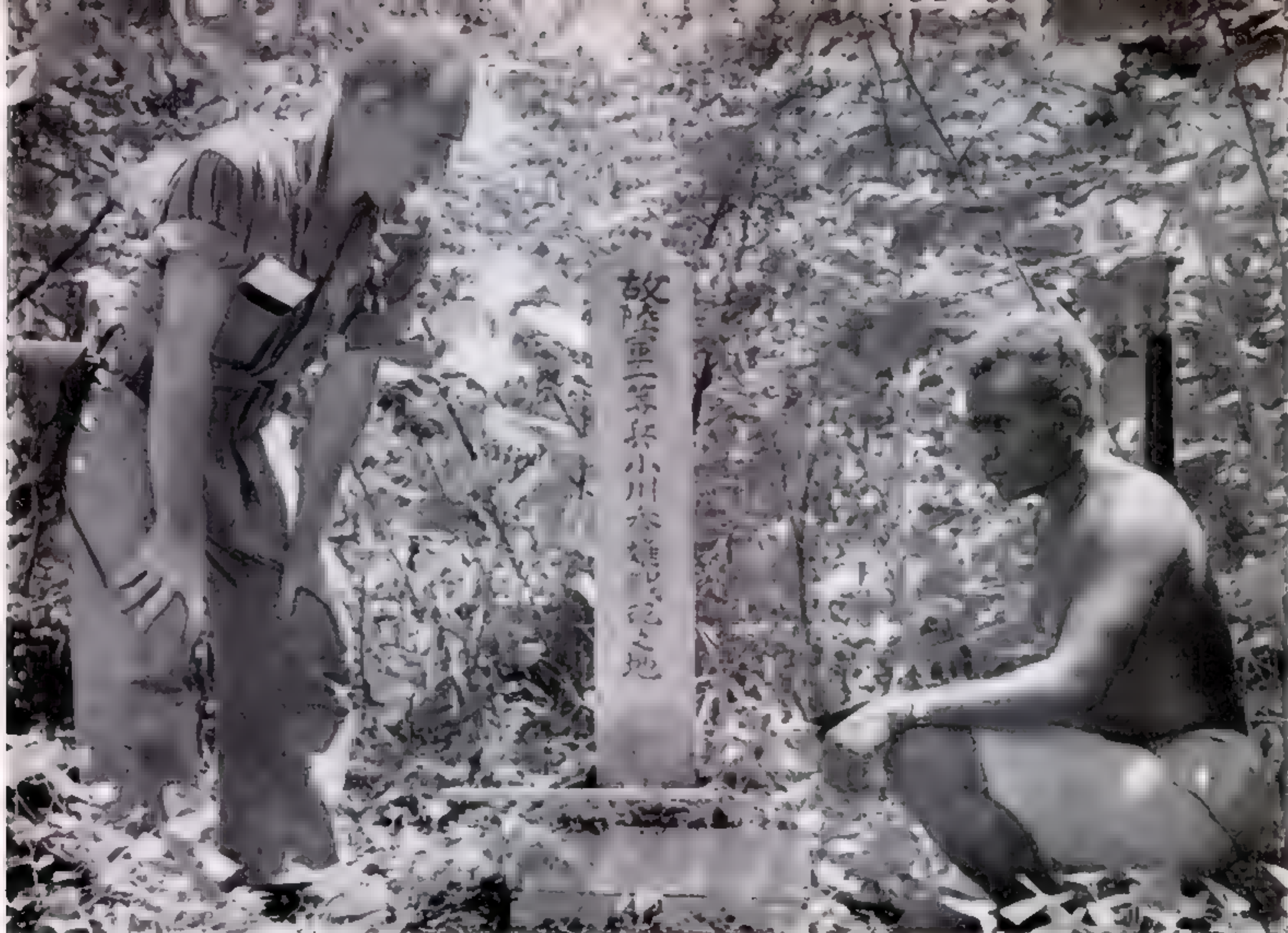
The Gibraltar garrison digs its way into
a secret calcite palace inside the Rock



Off the Russell Islands, Richard Tregaskis, famous war correspondent, dives into the water to reach a Jap Zero and recover the plane's name plates. Tregaskis, author of the best

seller, *Guadalcanal Diary* (LIFE, March 1), covered the occupation of the Russell group in February, called it "a walk-away." The pilot of the sunken Zero, shown above, was res-

cued by natives, fed, tied and turned over to the Americans under Rear Admiral R. K. Turner when they took the islands which are strung out 18 to 37 miles northwest of Guadalcanal.



Japanese soldier's grave on Bysee Island, one of Russell chain in Southwest Pacific, is inspected by Captain P. A. Grimes of

Centralia, Mo. and Phillip, one of the friendly natives. The Americans also found cases of honey, boxes of vitamin pills

and machine-gun emplacements on Bysee, all left by Japs who hurriedly evacuated soon after the fall of Guadalcanal.

CLOSER TO TOKYO

U.S. seizes advance island bases in Aleutians, Southwest Pacific

On Amchitka Island in the western Aleutians, only the terrible weather slowed up the American occupation under Brig-

Bloodless conquests of far flung island bases, which are already serving as springboards in operations against the Japanese, were announced last week by the Navy. In January a joint Army-Navy expedition occupied Amchitka, western Aleutian island, 70 miles from the Jap-held base of Kiska. In February, U. S. Southwest Pacific forces landed on the Russell Islands, northwest of Guadalcanal.

Ice, snow, wind and muck were the worst enemies met in taking Amchitka (*below*). This barren island,

633 miles west of Dutch Harbor, has afforded the U. S. a jumping-off place for the continuing raids against the Jap strongholds of Kiska and Attu. Amchitka is only 1,700 miles from Tokyo, which puts the Jap capital within range of U. S. bombers.

Intense heat was the toughest foe encountered in occupying the tropical Russell Islands. This successful maneuver gives the U. S. a new air-naval base from which to protect Guadalcanal-Tulagi and to hit Jap airfields at Munda and Vila, 120 miles to the northwest.

adier General Floyd E. Jones last January. During the landing, half-frozen troops battled a severe Bering Sea snowstorm.

Here a jeep which bogged down in the heavy going is towed out of the muck. Amchitka is now an advance U. S. air base.





The Devil tempts Gambling Son into crap game, but Christian Mother (standing) gets errant son away from temptation and into heaven. Satan is played by local butcher.



Troubled Soul, on way to heaven, is offered a big string of pearls by Devil, but she throws them off and is admitted to promised land. Role is played by Mrs. Annie Lewis, dry-cleaning-plant presser.

"HEAVEN BOUND"

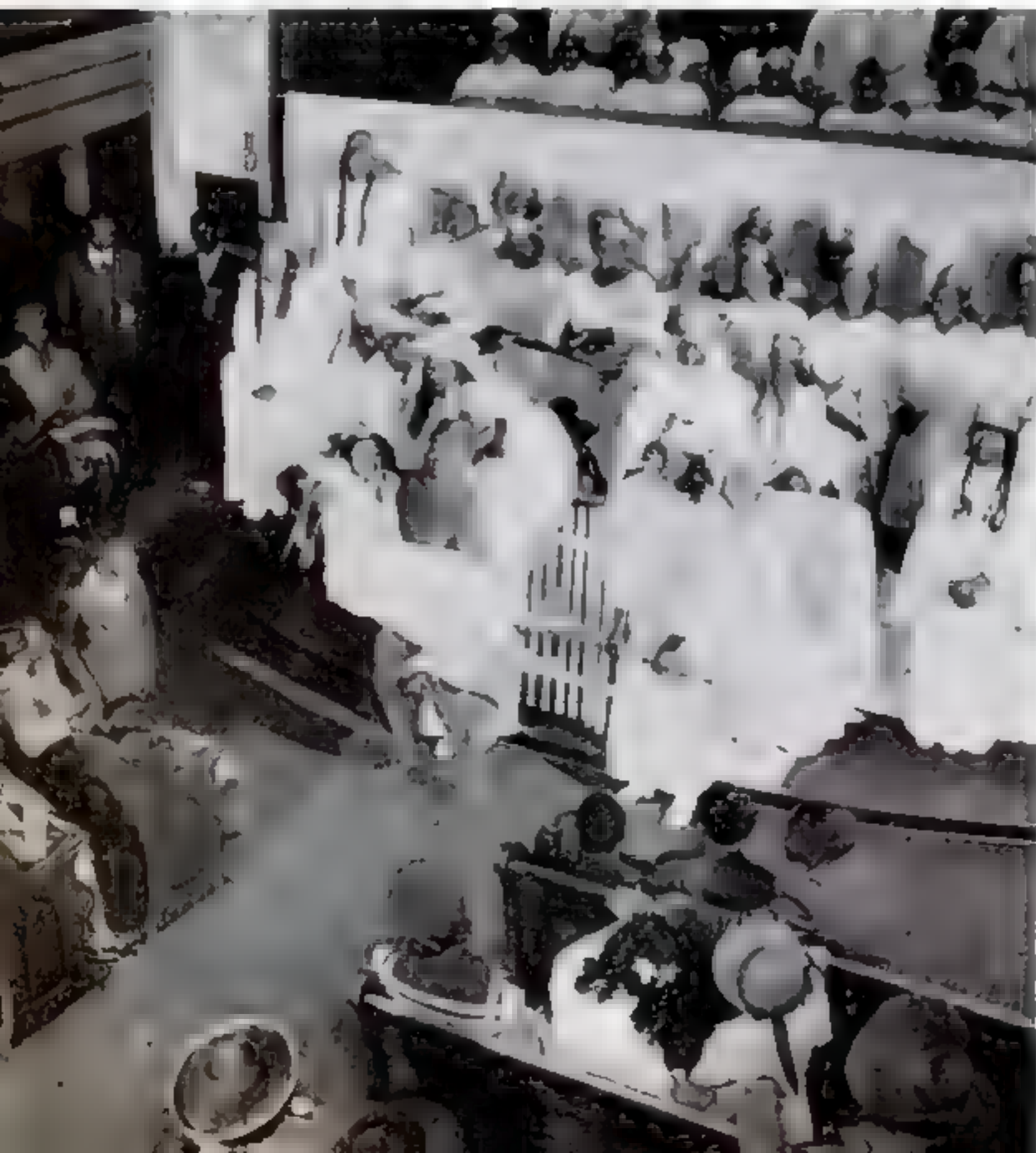
Negro Baptist Church in Richmond stages a miracle play with music

With white-robed, spiritual-singing angels and a wise-cracking Devil dressed in red, *Heaven Bound*, a modern miracle play, was presented to the Negro congregation of the Second Baptist Church in South Richmond, Va., on Sunday, May 2. Against a background of familiar hymns and a narrator's voice, the dramatic pantomime portrays struggles between the Devil and 20 pilgrims including Reformed Drunkard, Burden Bearer, Hypocrite, Christian Soldier and others shown on these pages. The pilgrims start their travels in the rear of the church, make their way down the center aisle toward the gates of heaven where St. Peter, with

a false beard, waits with his angels and saints. Some of the *Heaven Bound* pilgrims strutted, some crept, some staggered, some faltered, but most of them got to St. Peter in spite of the Devil's guile.

Revived as a fund raiser by Flossie Youille, church organist who works in a tobacco factory, the 10-year-old play has swelled the coffers of the Baptist Church by \$800 to date. The audience, at 28¢ a head, had a wonderful time giggling, clucking, singing and sobbing as they watched the all-Negro cast consisting of tobacco workers, beauticians, housewives, a metal worker, a porter, a butler and an ice peddler (St. Peter).

Devil snares Wayward Girl in front of heavenly gates as St. Peter, saints and angels watch. Wayward Girl, painted up and in evening dress, screams on finding gates closed.



Tramping Pilgrim steps over Devil on his way to heaven after knocking him down in the aisle. Pilgrim is played by Herbert Brooks, butler to famed editor and historian Douglas Southall Freeman.





AFTER DEVIL HAS BEEN OVERCOME
ANGELS MARCH DOWN CHURCH AISLE



79-YEAR-OLD LIN SEN LIVES QUIETLY IN CHUNGKING. A SCHOLARLY GENTLEMAN, HE IS REVERED IN FREE CHINA AS A MAN FAR ABOVE PETTY POLITICS AND PERSONALITIES

CHINA'S PRESIDENT

Aged Lin Sen looks sadly on the plight of his despairing country

Last week the Jap armies were cutting cleverly at a brave, despairing China and tightening the cruel blockade around her. Hungry, desperately tired, lacking fuel to keep her army and economy moving, China was stagnating. Under the stress of inflation and the influence of conservative politicians, Chiang Kai-shek has been forced to strengthen centralized control and delay the extension of democracy.

To few living men could the plight of China bring such sadness as to a 79-year-old revolutionary named Lin Sen, who is China's President. Few Americans

know Lin Sen. They have heard of him only when he has sent formal messages to the U. S. President or when, a few years ago, his foster son married a Columbus, Ohio dime-store girl. A veteran of Sun Yat-sen's 1911 revolution, Lin Sen became President of the Chinese National Government in 1932, filling a titular position which gives him no power. Stemming from the old line of Chinese liberals, Lin Sen stands as an honored symbol of the democracy his country hopes to achieve. The world was reminded of him and that hope last week by this picture of him in his garden.

DON'T LET YOUR GAS RATION "GO UP IN SMOKE"



SMOKE MEANS TROUBLE... AND WASTED GAS

If you want to keep *your* car on the job, don't let it begin to smoke. For a smoking exhaust is usually a sign of excess engine wear . . . wear that means *wasted gasoline* . . . that may even put your car on the shelf.

No motor oil can *cure* engine wear. But *Insulated* Havoline may help *prevent* it!

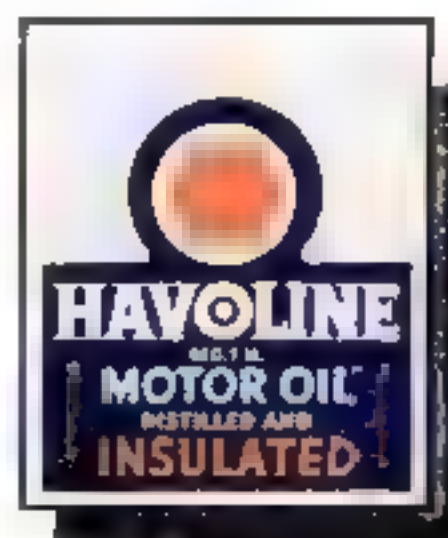
Here's how: *Insulated* means that Havoline won't break down when the going gets tough . . . that it is especially processed to protect your motor at extremes of both heat and cold.

Havoline is *distilled* too . . . free from carbon-forming impurities.

Don't wait until *your* car becomes a gas-wasting "smoker." Change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil today!

The Texas Company feels that one important part of its war-job is to KEEP YOUR CAR ON THE JOB. You're welcome to drive into any Texaco Dealer's for a check-up of tires, battery, chassis and motor lubrication system.

TUNE IN: FRED ALLEN every Sunday night. See your local newspaper for time and station.



You're Welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**



The smartest dog in the world

WE'VE NEVER HEARD of a dog who actually did this, but . . .

Our idea of the smartest pup in the world would be one who could carry his master's cocktail invitations to neighbors' homes.

All this pup would have to do would be to carry a bouquet of four red roses, trot up to

the front door and wag his tail.

The neighbors—if they're the kind of friends we think they are—would know this meant: "Come on over for cocktails—magnificent, soul-satisfying cocktails made with the world's most glorious whiskey . . . Four Roses!"

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore





Brains Trust of Britain's great question-answering radio program includes, from left, rambling, Socratic, rumpled Philosophy Professor C. E. M. Joad ("I can explain anything to anybody"), accurate, ironic Biologist Julian Huxley; Sir William Beveridge of the famous Bev-

eridge Plan, whose grim look comes from doing crossword puzzles; Question-Master Donald McCullough, retired Navy Lieut. Commander Rupert Gould, authority on old watches and astrology, and Commander Archibald Bruce Campbell who has been everywhere.

"ANY QUESTIONS?"

British "Information Please" has made national heroes of professors

The British version of *Information Please* is called *Any Questions?* But the British radio experts are a heavy, pipe-smoking, oracular change from America's precocious, wisecracking Kieran, Levant and F. P. A. Their job is not to do trick feats of memory but to give sober answers to sober questions. As a result, *Any Questions?* with its "Brains Trust" is one of the most influential bodies in England today. M. P.'s discuss the program next morning in the House of Com-

mons lobbies, complain about the experts' wages (under \$100 a performance). Little Brains Trusts have appeared in British regiments, Army areas, Rotary Clubs. Lately it has appeared in three movie shorts and it may be broadcast in the U. S. On these pages are shown the three chief pundits, Joad, Huxley and Campbell, with some guest experts. The program, which began in the middle of the January 1941 blitz, goes twice a week to about 20,000,000 people.

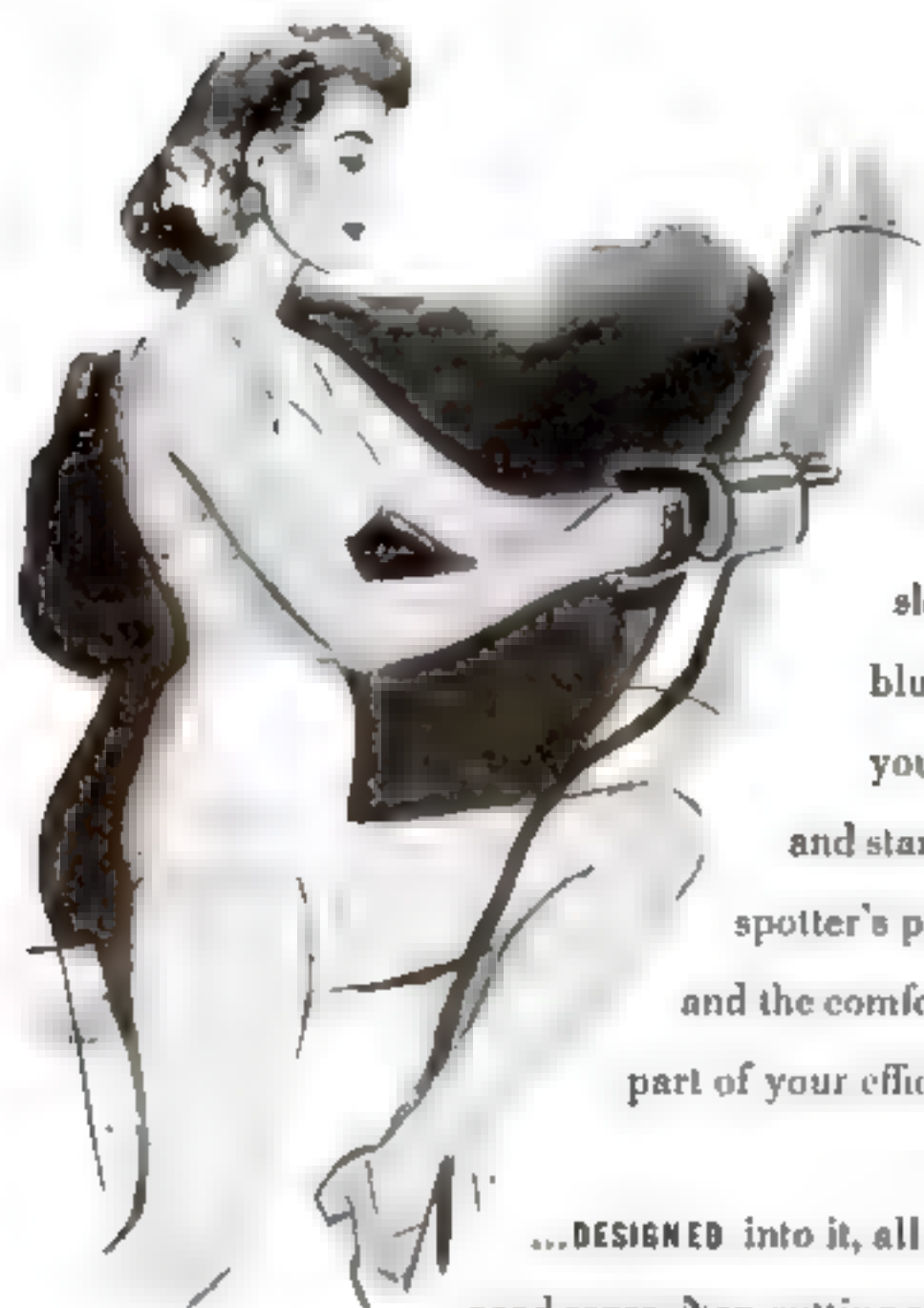


Two great regulars of Britain's *Information Please* are Joad (left) and Huxley. (Sir William Beveridge in background is a guest expert.) Question here is "Which great life stories would the Brains Trust like to be filmed?" Professor Joad suggests Socrates, his hero. Question-Master cracks: "A talkie, I presume?" Huxley follows with Darwin and Mohammed. Beveridge wants the movies to do the life of Sarah Jennings, wife of the great Duke of Marlborough.



Third regular is Commander Campbell (right). He and Joad are sold as plaster book ends in England. He answers the movie question by suggesting a life of Samuel Plimsoll, 19th Century shipping reformer. Commander Gould, at left, cracks that a life of Socrates might illustrate peril of argument, since Socrates was asked to commit suicide. Gould suggested instead a movie life of Captain James Cook, unargumentative surveyor of the Pacific and Antarctic.

Munsingwear's "Fighting Trims" FOR WOMEN WHO WORK!



STREAMLINED underwear and sleeping wear, made to the blue-print specifications of you women who straddle wings and stand the watches of spotter's posts. Built for action and the comfort that is an integral part of your efficiency.

...DESIGNED into it, all the things that make good sense. Non-cutting straps, extra-length for stooping, give where you need it, molding where you want it.

...MADE of both knitted cotton and rayon with a fineness and femininity that seem very dear in a world of uniforms. Sturdy and long-wearing (the Munsingwear label assures you of that). But wonderfully soft, besides. Quick and easy to keep flower-fresh.

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In vests, pants, suits, chemises, slips, gowns and pajamas, at better stores everywhere.

Priced so you can buy them and War Stamps, too.



"Any Questions?" (continued)



"What is a Clerihew?" gives English experts no trouble. It is a question familiar to most Englishmen. Answers Gould (left): "The first Clerihew which comes to my mind is one written by the originator, Mr. Edmund Clerihew Bentley, which goes like this:

*Sir Christopher Wren
Said, "I'm going out to dine with some men.
If anyone calls
Just say I'm designing St. Paul's."*



Joad adds: "The Clerihew given at the beginning of Bentley's book:

*This is not a book of geography; it is a book of biography.
Geography's about maps; biography's about chaps.*

"A Limerick," explains Joad, "is usually about an anonymous person (There was a young man of . . .). I can't repeat any Limericks. I don't know any for public repetition."



Huxley (left) quotes another celebrated Clerihew on the pedantic line:

*Archbishop Odo
Was reading Dodo
When he remembered it was Sunday . . .
Sic transit Gloria mundi.*

This ended the Clerihews. Beveridge had nothing to add on this particular subject.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



A TRIBUTE BY DISCRIMINATING GENTLEMEN IN RECOGNITION OF EXCELLENCE

AWARD OF THE SUMMER

***CORONADO** Summer Suits are awarded the preference by well-dressed men all over the country. The highest standard of quality is invariably maintained. ***CORONADO** cloth is British loomed from all prime new wool. Imported, controlled and tailored exclusively by J. Schoeneman, Inc., makers of fine clothing specialties for nearly a half century.

***CORONADO** is ***Air Cooled**...light-weight and crush-resistant... the man's suit that lets your body breathe! Superbly tailored business and lounge models. New medium and dark shades. ***Celanese-rayon** trimmed. Retail at \$37.50. Ask your clothier to show you ***CORONADO**... or write to J. Schoeneman, Inc., Baltimore, Md., for the name of your nearest retailer.

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FOR EXTRA SHAVING COMFORT



Compact Shave Set \$1.00

Brushless Shaving Cream and Tube of Talcum

Men who insist upon maximum comfort and minimum fuss in good grooming, appreciate Old Spice shaving requisites. This new Shave Set is typical of Shulton quality and practicality. The Brushless Cream works fast and effectively—the Old Spice-scented, Men's Talcum, in travel-light paperboard tube, cools and refreshes—the cleverly designed folding packet slips conveniently into suitcase or duffel bag. *Old Spice Shaving Creams, Shave Soap, Talcum, After-Shave Lotion and Bath Soap available singly or in sets.*

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

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"Any Questions?" (continued)



Most distinguished of the heavyweights of *Any Questions?* is Julian Sorell Husley, here standing before a portrait of his famous grandfather, Thomas, and a photograph of his brother, Aldous. He is a member of Political and Economic Planning Group.



Most long-winded is Professor C. E. M. Joad, who strikingly resembles the bust of his hero, Socrates (top). He has appealed to the British radio public as almost the burlesque contentious professor. A wartime food has been named "Joad-in-the-hole."



We're Buying **WAR BONDS**... And How!

EVERYBODY at our place is pitching in and getting all the War Bonds he possibly can! Dave and Sis invest over ten percent of their pay—and I squeeze every penny I can out of the household budget for my bond bank! We all want to help end this war in a hurry and get back to normal living again. Then we can have that Hotpoint Electric Kitchen we've been counting on. And of course the more money we lay aside now the more labor-saving appliances we'll be able to afford when peace comes.

LOOK What They're Going to **BUY US!**



Tomorrow Is Worth Saving For

• The money you put in War Bonds today not only helps hasten Victory but also gives you the means to enjoy the great advancements in living that will surely follow. You know, our scientists are learning a lot of amazing things making war materials. They're finding short cuts—and cheaper ways of doing things better. So imagine how much finer—

and less expensive—our homes of the future are bound to be! Hotpoint Electric Refrigerators—Ranges and Dishwashers and other home equipment will be improved unbelievably... So buy War Bonds to hasten peace! Buy War Bonds with this future in mind! Remember that every three dollars you invest now will bring you four dollars at maturity.



FOR HOMES COSTING AS LITTLE AS **\$4,000**

Hotpoint Electric Kitchens including Range, Refrigerator, Sink and Steel Cabinets have been installed in numerous homes costing only \$4,000.

The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen averages about 10% of home-building costs.

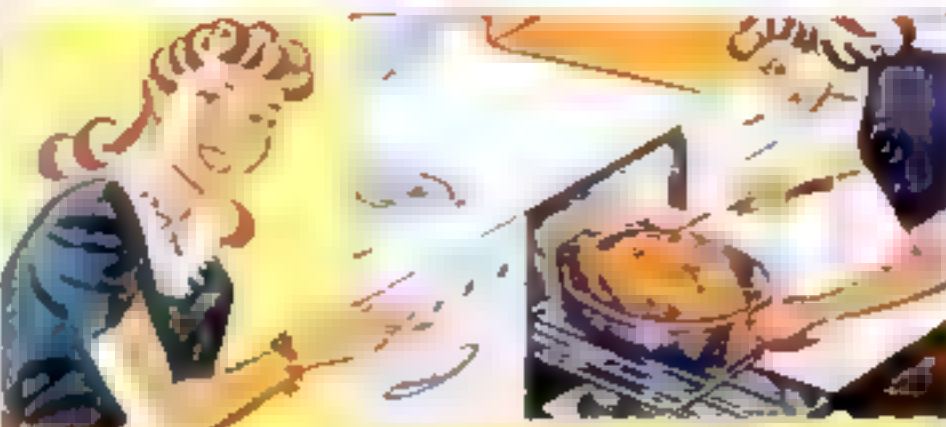
BUY WAR BONDS TODAY—An Electric Kitchen Tomorrow!



• At the touch of a switch, garbage disappears—dishes are washed hygienically clean. The Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher and Disposal do your disagreeable work like magic!



• Ample storage facilities provided by the Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator will enable you to save money by buying food in large quantities at low prices.



• Meals that are marvelous—are better for you, too, when you cook in a Hotpoint Electric Range. For healthful vitamins, minerals as well as the savory, natural juices do not waste away!

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HOME PLANNING FILE

Now is the time to start your plans for a new home. Save notes and clippings in Hotpoint's Home Planning File—9x12 inches, heavy boxboard, ten filing divisions, plus folder for recording War Bond purchases. If your electric company or dealer cannot supply you, send 25 cents in coin or War Stamps today for your Home Planning File.

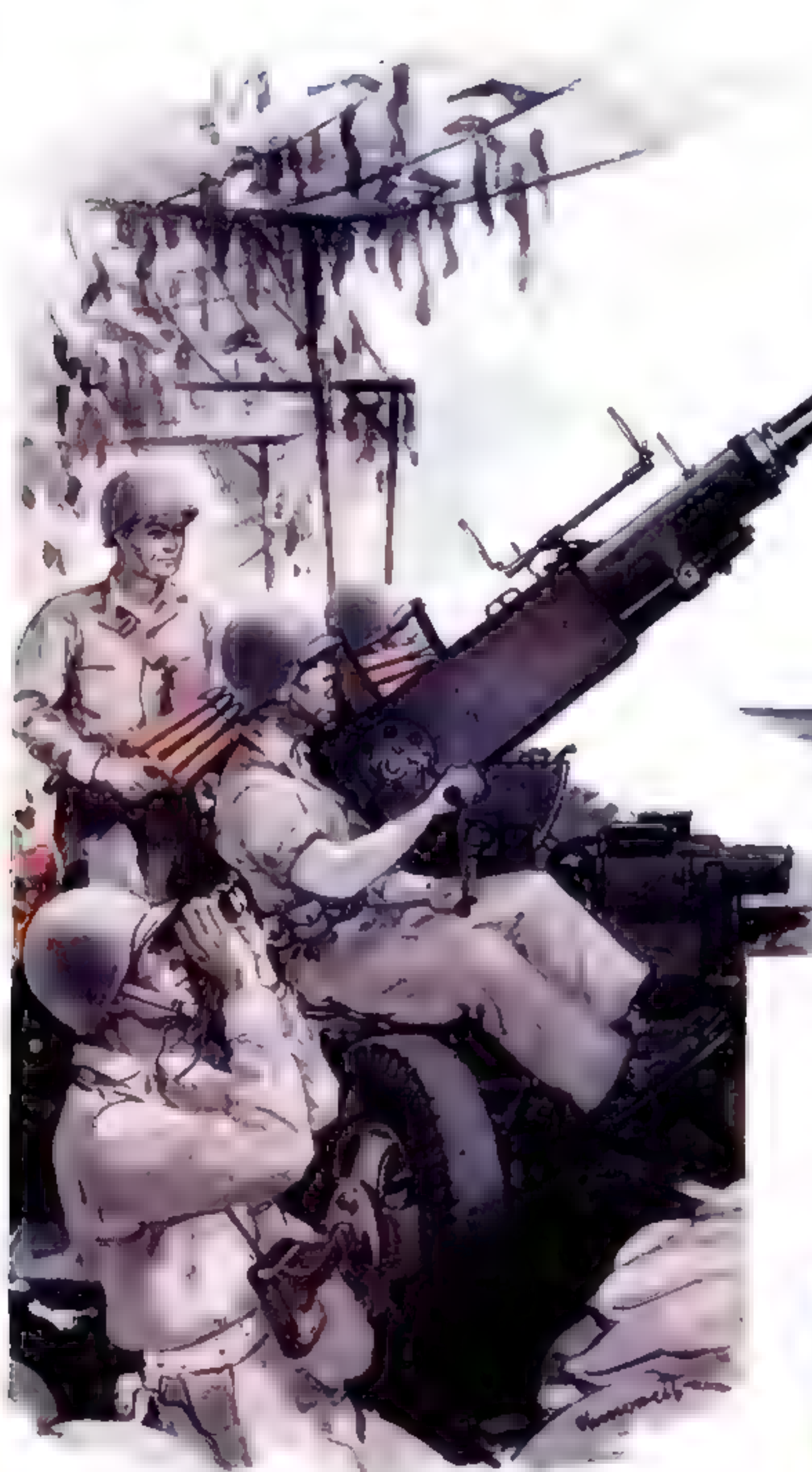


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Enclosed find 25 cents, for which please send me Home Planning File.

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Our third major assignment is the AIRCRAFT TORPEDO, one of the most complex and deadly offensive units in the history of naval warfare. Released from low-flying attack planes, it is capable of destroying the mightiest ship. Involving 5222 parts and 1225 different assemblies, the manufacture of this vital weapon was an assignment not lightly bestowed by the Navy.

Since April 1941—nine months before Pearl Harbor—the respected craftsmanship of Pontiac has been bent on fabricating the implements of victory. On that date, we undertook the original of our six present war assignments . . . the manufacture, for the first time outside the European continent, of a highly complex 20 mm. Oerlikon anti-aircraft cannon. . . . Today, our men and women, our plants and machines, our hands and heads and hearts are devoted to the pro-



AS SUBCONTRACTORS, WE ARE BUILDING AXLES FOR TANKS

Designed and produced by the CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, the M-5 tank, which is illustrated above, is called "the fastest tracked vehicle in the world." We are proud that it is our privilege to assist Cadillac in this important assignment by manufacturing and assembling the huge, intricate axles that drive this hard-hitting instrument of lightning attack.

In January of 1942, we received our second assignment building the 40 MM. AUTOMATIC FIELD GUN, largest automatic weapon in use by any nation. As versatile as it is deadly, it fires 120 high velocity, explosive or armor-piercing shells a minute and, according to officials, is effective against air, ground or water targets."

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

PONTIAC

WORKING WELL... *FOR LIBERTY*



Our first war assignment was production of the Oerlikon 20 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON, favorite weapon of seamen on merchantman or battle wagon. Capable of hurling nearly 500 explosive shells in 60 seconds, this watch-like piece of ordnance is being produced months ahead of schedule. As a result, the government is now receiving more cannon at a lower price per cannon.

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS...
KEEP AMERICA
FREE

duction of weapons to meet the enemy in any arena and win—be it on the land, on the sea or in the air. . . . Automatic field guns, aircraft torpedoes and 20 mm. cannon . . . on these, the prime and final responsibility rests with us. In the manufacture of tank components, Diesel engine inner-assemblies and Army truck parts, we are cooperating with other Divisions of General Motors. But

whether we act as a prime contractor or a subcontractor, the weapons produced at Pontiac embody all the skill, integrity and experience at our command. Some have already received the highest tribute to which any armorer can aspire, the post-battle commendation of our fighting forces. They are good weapons—worthy of the men who will use them.



PRODUCING DIESEL ENGINE UNITS

The rugged two-cycle engines produced by the DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION of General Motors are known as work horses of war. They are used for a wide variety of power purposes by both the Army and the Navy, including the propulsion of landing barges. Several hundred of their component parts are being manufactured by Pontiac.



AND MAKING ENGINE PARTS FOR ARMY TRUCKS

The GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK and COACH DIVISION is a major producer of trucks and transport units for the Army. Serving wherever the Allied Nations fight, GMC trucks have confirmed their peace-time reputation for dependability. One of our war assignments is to provide the General Motors Truck and Coach with vital engine parts.



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CAPT. T. L. GRAY



CAPT. VLADIMIR ZERNIN



CAPT. V. G. CERNESCO



CAPT. PAUL DJURHUUS



CAPT. S. V. MORTENSEN



CAPT. HOWARD FORD



CAPT. R. J. TIERNEY



As our ships have been converted to instruments of war, our captains and men have set aside their peacetime role and are now an integral and vital part of the United States Forces. As men of the Navy and Merchant Marine, they recognize their duty and are performing acts of astounding skill and heroism. We feel a pride which we know is shared by thousands of people who have travelled in "Santa" liners and thousands of merchants who have shipped in "Santa" freighters. To all Grace men, including the 615 in the service of our country, we wish Godspeed and Victory and hope that they may soon return to the pursuits of peace in the great task that the American Merchant Marine will have to perform.

THE GRACE MEDAL . . . for extraordinary and meritorious service, already awarded to a number of our many captains, officers and men.



CAPT. HOLST FISCHER



CAPT. N. G. EKSTROM



CAPT. JOHN BRUCE



CAPT. ERNEST PRATHER



THESE TWO GORILLAS WERE LARGEST CAPTURED ON DENIS EXPEDITION. NATIVES DO NOT ORDINARILY ATTEMPT TO TAKE THESE ANIMALS ALIVE, BUT KILL THEM FOR FOOD

GORILLAS

Armand Denis tries to assemble colony in Congo for observation

The gorillas shown here were captured in de Gaulle French Congo last winter by Armand Denis, famed explorer. He went to the Congo on this wartime expedition to bring back chimpanzees for U. S. scientific institutions. But he hoped also to get some live gorillas for a breeding and observation colony similar to the chimpanzee colonies which have contributed to medical and psychological research.

To his great surprise, Armand Denis discovered

that the supposedly rare gorillas flourish in great numbers in the more remote areas of the French Congo. Although they are formidable animals to corner and capture, the natives were able to hunt out the gorilla tribes with ease. The establishment of a gorilla colony, however, is a feat that is still to be achieved. The captured gorillas fell victim to a not yet identified virus disease, of which the natives are probably the unharmed carriers and which is swiftly fatal to gorillas.

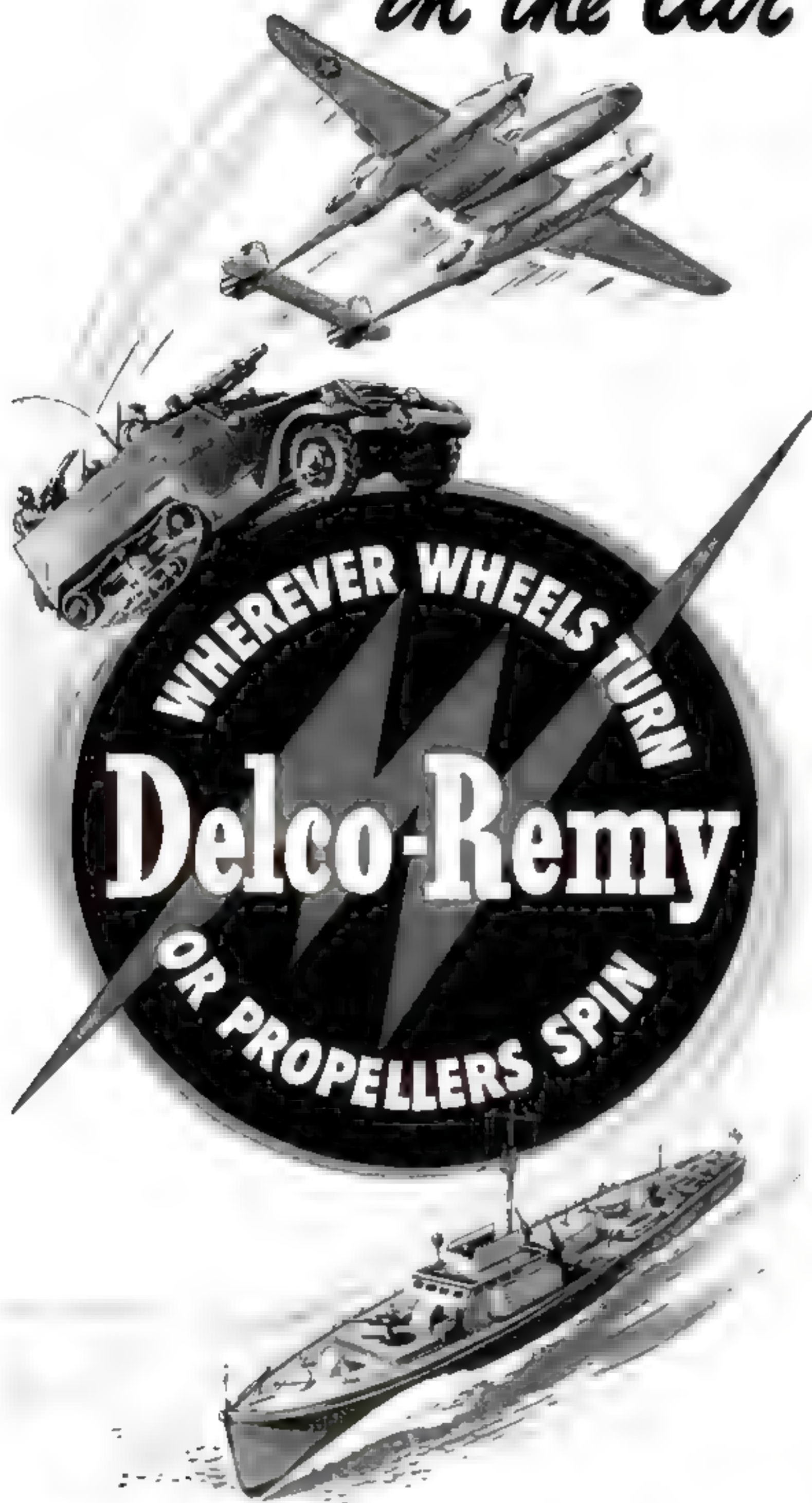
Infant gorillas were permitted to roam freely around the Denis camp, did not attempt to escape. Their cuteness is deceptive. Even at this age, the gorilla is wary, treacherous and pugnacious animal.



Length of arms which distinguishes gorilla is apparent in infant. Arm spread reach of mature animal may exceed 8 ft. No biped, gorilla walks on feet and hands (see left).



On Land, Sea, and in the Air



Delco-Remy Automotive
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT
AND DELCO BATTERIES
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ Aircraft ★
★ Tractor ★
★ Marine ★

INVEST IN
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WAR BONDS

Gorillas (continued)



Gorillas are surrounded by natives in "forest galleries" which reach out of main forest along watercourse into plains. Natives cut swaths through forest, surround gorillas with nets. Savage fights occur between natives and gorillas as latter try to escape.



Cage of vines carried captured young gorillas out of jungle. The young gorillas could be taken only after the adult males, too big and powerful to be captured, had been killed. The de Gaulle Colonial government had to give special permit for the killing.



At base camp, gorillas were housed in wooden cages. Though Armand Denis (above) was unable to establish a gorilla colony, he brought back many chimpanzees, which will help relieve critical shortage of these animals in medical research laboratories.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

"That man of mine hasn't lost a day's work in Seven months"

"AND I HAVEN'T MISSED A HEALTH-FOR-VICTORY CLUB MEETING," SAYS MRS. HAROLD B. BELL, WIFE OF AN ASSISTANT FOREMAN AT THE BUSY B. & O. RAILROAD SHOPS AT CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

"Eat right and stay healthy certainly pays off at our house... even the stepped-up pace of war work can't get my husband down," declared Mrs. Bell.

Folks like the Bells deserve a heap of credit. Mr. Bell's perfect record of work is bad news for the Axis. And Mrs. Bell's right behind him doing her share. Every month, in spite of added home-front responsibilities, she and several hundred other eager homemakers for B. & O. railroad workers attend Health-for-Victory Club meetings.

They learn about food "alternates" and meat "extenders", and answers to other food shortage problems. They know how to pack lunches with plenty of pickup. How to serve low-cost, health-building meals that have

their families clamoring for "seconds".

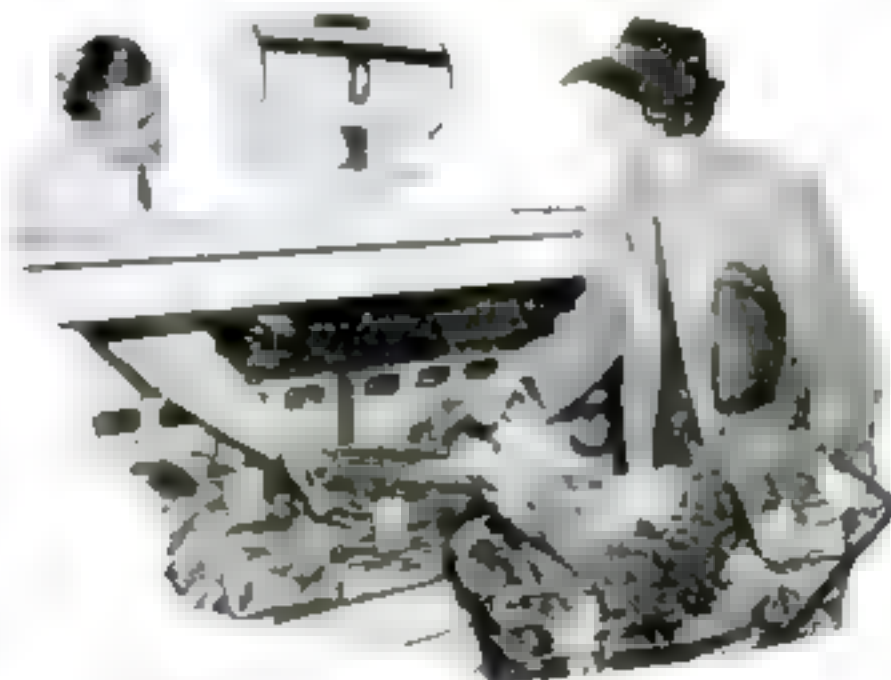
Monthly Meal Planning Guides are distributed with menus, recipes and lunch box suggestions for every meal in the month. All H-for-V materials are prepared by the nutrition-wise staff of the Westinghouse Home Economics Institute. They started Health-for-Victory for their own war workers.

Now, in 650 War Plants and other organizations from New England to Honolulu, the H-for-V program is going full swing, helping to keep war workers and their families full of zip and fight through proper food.

NOTE TO WAR PLANT EXECUTIVES. Would you like to organize a Health-for-Victory Club for your own employees? Just call on Westinghouse. We'll gladly help.



Daily Lunch Box Lift is provided in lunch menus and recipes in Meal Planning Guide.



Even Wartime Shopping Is Easier. H-for-V menus, planned for moderate food budgets, carefully take food shortages into account.



No Bribes Are Needed to make the younger Bells eat their vegetables. With tested H-for-V recipes everything tastes swell!



The Night Shift in the Bolt & Forge Shop, where summer temperatures sometimes hit 120°, demands skill and strength. And Mr. Bell's always on the job.



FREE! "THE ABC'S OF EATING FOR HEALTH"

Written for you, this 16-page booklet contains the same basic information on which the H-for-V Club program is based. Write for free sample copy. WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY 328 Fourth Street Mansfield, Ohio

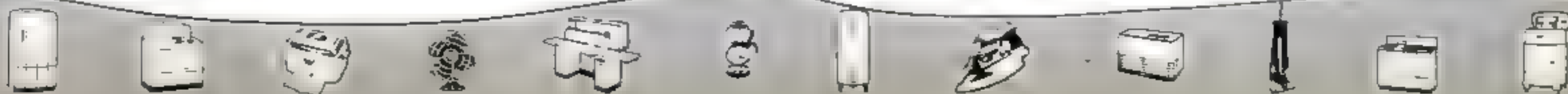
TUNE IN ON JOHN CHARLES THOMAS, WESTINGHOUSE RADIO PROGRAM N. B. C. SUNDAY AT 2:30 P.M., E.W.T.

Health-for-Victory Club

A CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT BY

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC APPLIANCE DIVISION





Gorillas (continued)



Infant gorilla was born of mother injured during native hunt. Armand Denis kept this infant alive for several weeks by having native women to suckle it. No gorilla has ever been born in captivity and none has been raised from such early infancy.



Less than 24 hours old, infant gorilla is covered by a downy fuzz. Umbilical cord is still attached. Scientists have been able to raise many chimpanzees under thorough biological and psychological observation, would like to get same data on gorillas.



Adult male gorilla weighing more than 450 lb., was killed by native hunters. Armand Denis found gorillas living in family groups up to 27, each headed by a giant male. With their powerful arms and shoulders, gorillas can literally tear a human apart.

Roblee

SHOES FOR MEN



Trim French Toe Oxford—in genuine full-grain Army Russet Adonis calf. Arch Elevator feature for extra comfort, added support. Magic Sole makes wartime walking a pleasure. B-143.



Super Quality Oxford—built for "heavy duty." Stout, full-grain Army Russet aniline dyed calf. Double soles at point of wear. Heavy stitching gives sturdy appearance, rugged wear. B-149-1.



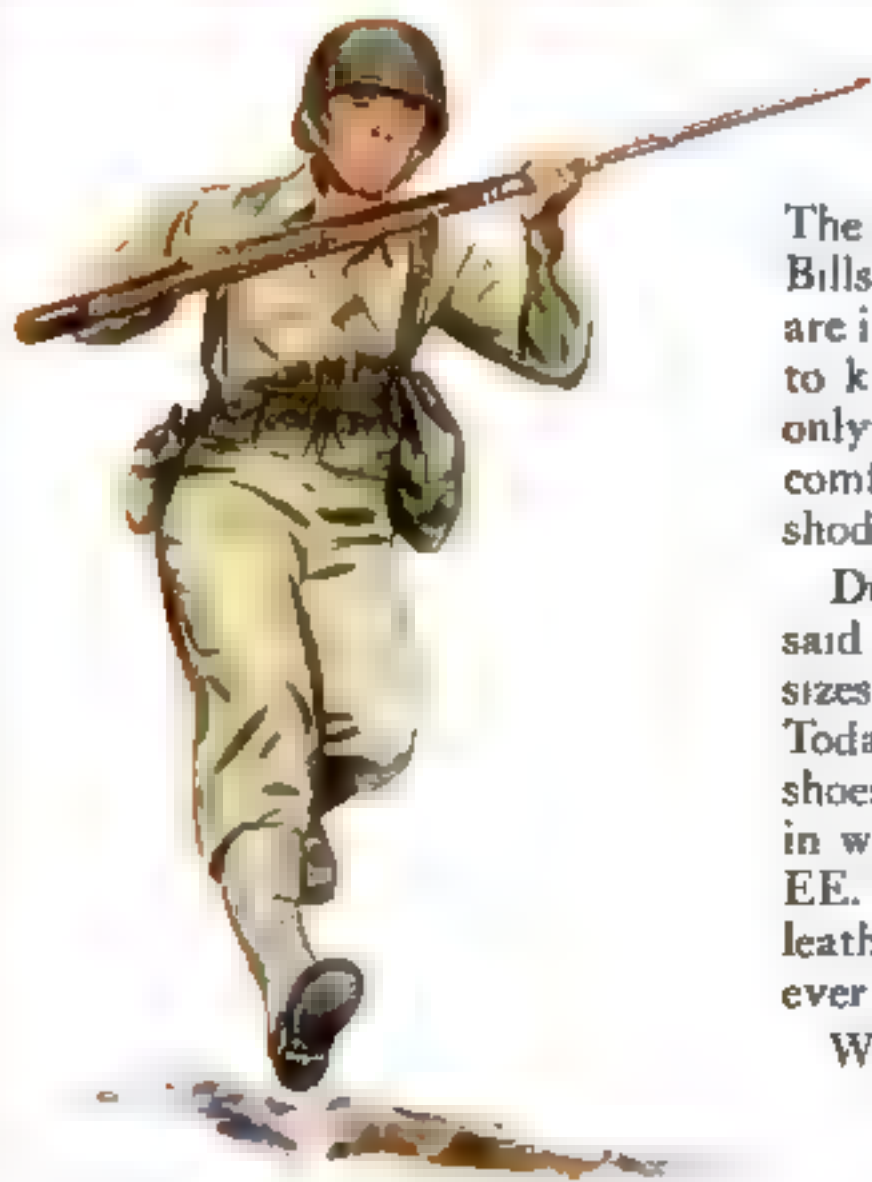
"Mudguard" Style—with cool ventilation for hot weather comfort. Tread Straight feature to assure correct posture. You "forget your feet" in this shoe—it makes walking so easy! B-759.

RATION yourself to Roblee

When you give up that coupon for a pair of shoes, you want the best coupon's worth you can get. You want shoes like Roblees. And, as there are no shoes closer to Roblee* than Roblees themselves, "ration" yourself to that famous brand. You'll find each of the Roblee styles shown here designed especially to give superior wartime service.

\$6⁰⁰ to \$8⁰⁰

Some special styles slightly higher



The Fightin'est Shoes in the World . . .

The mothers and fathers of all the Bills and Franks and Jims who are in this fight will be interested to know that their sons are not only the best fed but the most comfortably clothed and the best shod fighting men in the world.

During World War I it was often said that shoes came in only two sizes—"too big and too small." Today our army is equipped with shoes in *all* sizes from 5 to 15 and in widths all the way from A to EE. They are made of the finest leathers, over the best fitting lasts ever developed.

What's more, we are building

special shoes for the various battle conditions our men and allies are meeting—Russian Combat boots, Paratrooper boots, Combination rubber-leather Yukon Pacs, as well as the regulation Navy and Army Service Shoes. (Army Service Shoe illustrated.)

Brown Shoe Company salutes these men in service and dedicates to them its vast resources and 65 years of shoemaking experience. We are proud to be one of the manufacturers selected to make "battle brogans" for fighting forces.

United Men's Division, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, St. Louis.



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Right on the beam for wartime eating!



*Rice Krispies give you lots of vitamins and minerals. Delicious. Always ready. So **CRISP** they snap! crackle! pop!*

★ America's crispest breakfast favorite takes on added duties these days. Delicious, golden Rice Krispies are the quick, easy way to give the family good nutrition they'll cheer at any meal, any hour. Always ready—they save time, work and fuel. They save other foods, too.

Rice Krispies are rich with whole grain food values in thiamin (Vitamin B₁), niacin and iron. Oven-popped to a crunchy crispness. Toasted to a mellow, golden brown. Rice Krispies boast a flavor that only an exclusive Kellogg recipe can give.

Tomorrow enjoy the lasting crispness of Rice Krispies at breakfast. Hear them snap! crackle! pop! Use these crunchy tempters often—at other meals, too.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven popped rice

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK



BOYPOWER

Youngsters take over skilled jobs to relieve severe labor shortage

While the armed forces are debating whether or not to lower the draft age below 18, U. S. industry is discovering a new source for its depleted labor supply in teen-age boys. The youngsters in defense work shown on these pages are not trainees, they are actually employed full or part time at standard wages.

Throughout the U. S. an estimated 2,800,000 boys and girls under 18 are working in agriculture and industry. Much of this employment has developed since the war and a half million are now in vital defense plants. On the West Coast the Lockheed plane factory (below) has set an example by hiring 1,500 boys for riveting, rivet-bucking, gun or draftsman, assembly, electrical and sheet-metal work. This plant finds that two boys working a four-hour shift can accomplish more than an adult worker in a regular eight-hour stint.

Youngsters are also going into business for themselves. Under the supervision of a national organization called Junior Achievement, Inc., students from 14 to 21 are forming and operating small model companies like Chicago Midget Manufacturing Co. (p. 17). This concern already has an Army contract for 150,000 pants hangers. In 50 other cities almost 200 similar companies are turning out a variety of products including furniture, jewelry, packing blocks, toys and incendiary-bomb blankets.

Last month New Mexico and Delaware became the 17th and 18th States since the start of the war to approve legislation making it possible for 16- to 18-year-olds to accept employment in war industries. Bills are now pending in seven more States to relax for the duration regulations on minors working.

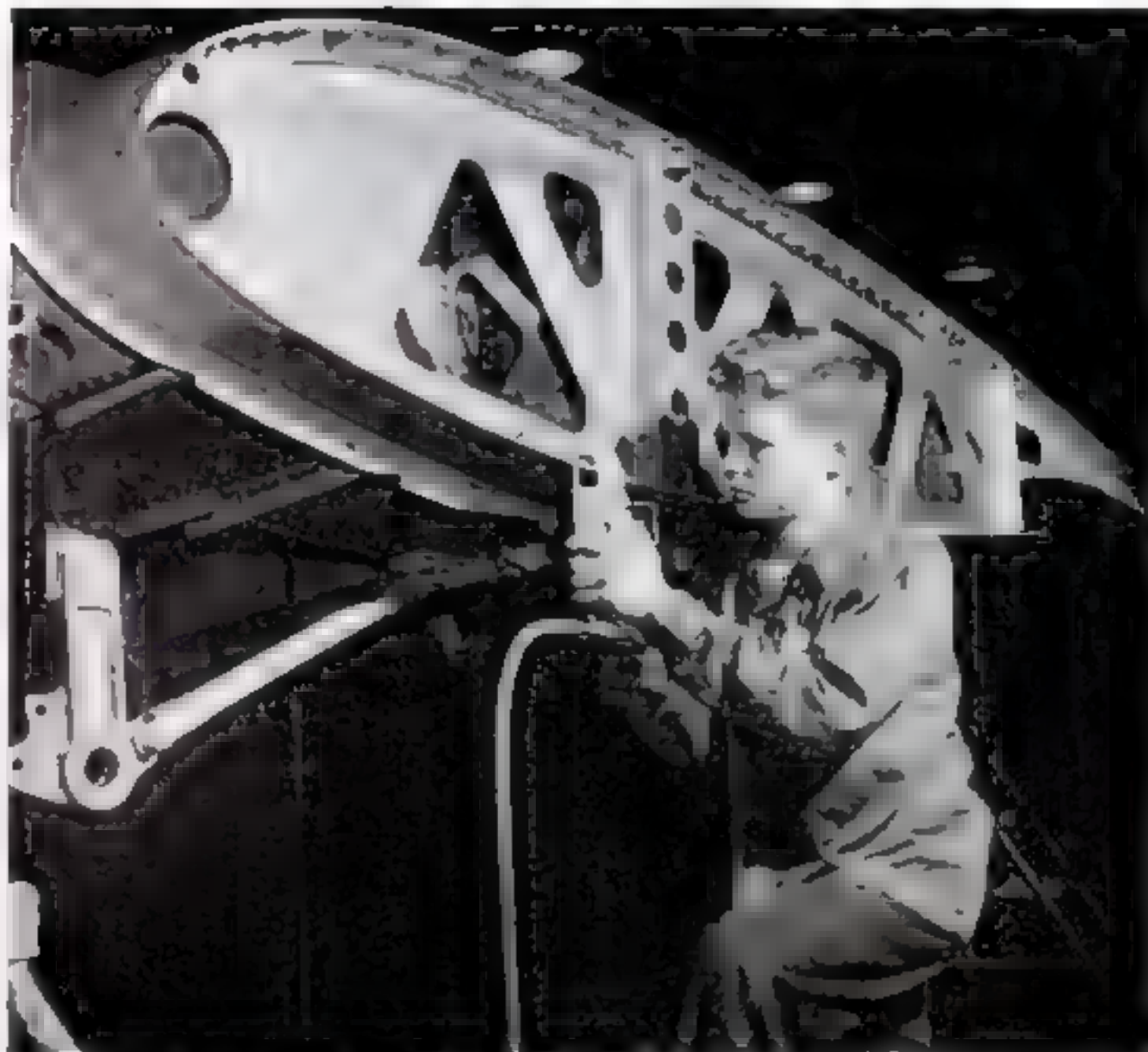
Some areas have become alarmed by the increasing exodus of youths from school, lured by patriotism and high pay. One solution to the work-truancy problem has been found in San Francisco where the Board of Education actively cooperates with the United States Employment Service in part-time jobs and thus is able to maintain jurisdiction over the pupils.



AT A SHIPYARD IN CALIFORNIA, TOM POWELL, 17 (FOREGROUND), AND OTHER BOYS WORK ON JIG AS CHIPPERS



On Lockheed assembly line, Roy Popp, 16, helps finish exterior of Lodestar transport plane. Lockheed has 1,500 boys, 16 to 18, successfully employed at its Southern California plants.



Bob Runze, 16, alternates between Pasadena Junior College and working on wing assembly at Lockheed. Runze and other boys are paid same scale as adults, 60¢ an hour for beginners.

YELLO-BOLE






Dublin Shape, \$1
1 1/2" larger than actual size

the honey-cured smoke

Look at the bowl of this pipe. It's yellow—Yello-Bole Pipes contain real honey, and millions of men have found new smoking joy and comfort in these famous honey-treated pipes. Never a trace of "breaking-in" with a Yello-Bole Pipe—the honey lining not only "cures" the first smoke, but keeps on curing the bowl so that each Yello-Bole is perpetually and forever sweet-smoking, mild, good-tempered and flavory.



YELLO-BOLE  STANDARD \$1
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YELLO-BOLE  PREMIER \$2.50
to be introduced soon

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Boypower (continued)



LOS ANGELES SCHOOLBOYS ARE HIRED AS MAINTENANCE "MEN" BY SOUTHERN

In an Oakland lumberyard, Bill Hopkins, 16, passes a length of timber up to John Bradbury, 15. Both boys go to school, work during their free time at 75¢ an hour.





PACIFIC RAILROAD. HERE THEY ARE SHOWN RAISING TRACKS WITH RAIL JACK

Pants hangers for Army are manufactured in Chicago by a company run by boys. Production Manager John Christian, 14, is conferring with President Bill Nicol, 14.



Watch for Veronica Lake in her forthcoming Paramount picture,
"SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"

Veronica Lake sends Air-Raid warnings



HER FAMOUS HAIR upswept for the duration, Veronica Lake works as a volunteer at the Hollywood Control Center. She's on duty two nights a week, sending and receiving plane reports and air-raid warnings. As you can see, she keeps Royal Crown Cola handy to enjoy during a time-out.



"IT WAS A REVELATION to me," said Veronica when she took the famous taste-test. "I tasted leading colas in paper cups without knowing which was which. One was a stand-out choice. They told me it was Royal Crown Cola!"



ACTING FOR THE CAMERA and civilian defense duties make Miss Lake's calendar a crowded one. "So when I need a lift and a fresh start," she says, "I reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola. It's my favorite year-round 'quick-up'!"

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY

Veronica Lake chooses
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test!

WHAT ARE WE WORK

IMPROVED LIFE RAFT,

carried in Flying Fortresses. Roomier, less tippable, more seaworthy. Holds radio, fishing kit, 30-day rations and square-rigged sail.

BULLET-SEALING FUEL CELLS

are shaped to carry gasoline in wings of bombers and fighters. Bullet holes seal themselves automatically, preventing fire.

TESTING A FUEL CELL

before shipment to aircraft plants. Other fuel cells are jettison tanks carried in the bomb racks of planes.

The company was four years old when Winfield Scott stormed Chapultepec. Eighteen when the white smoke belied over Charleston Harbor. Fifty-five when the Rough Riders swarmed up San Juan Hill. Seventy-five when the Lost Battalion made its gallant stand in the Argonne.

This is the fifth war of this nation our company has worked through.

Now...in our hundredth year...we are working in the grimmest and most terrible war of all.

And we work to end this war as quickly as possible—to make it the last war.

To our work we bring all the skill, all the experience,

BARRAGE BALLOONS

defend strategic areas in case of invasion and protect convoys at sea. They are made gas-tight with synthetic rubber.

CIVILIAN GAS MASKS

are turned out in a plant formerly used for the manufacture of tires.

BOOTS, by the hundreds of thousands for the Army and Navy. Included are jungle boots, Alaskan boots, arctic and flying boots.

ING FOR?

ARMY WATER BAGS, of special rubber-coated heavy duck, are filled from Army tank trucks, set up at the "street corners" of camps.

TRUCK TIRE for the Army comes out of a mold. Its ground-gripping tread will take trucks through slush and mud.

RAINCOATS by the carload go to our Army and Navy all over the world. Because of the rubber shortage, they are water-proofed with synthetic resin.

all the knowledge of rubber chemistry this company has acquired through a century of working with rubber, improving it and broadening its uses.

The articles we make today are not just products of United States Rubber Company...made with all the skill and craftsmanship at our command...they are life or death, victory or defeat for our Armed Forces.

As we work, we know this is more than a truck tire or a bullet-sealing fuel cell. We know these are more

than lengths of steel wire ready to be insulated with Laytex, or a barrage balloon, or a boot, or a life raft.

We know these articles we manufacture will help determine the odds in favor of our husbands, our sons, our brothers. We know that the lives of those very near and very dear to us depend upon us and upon the skill we have learned through many years of working with rubber.

We know these things...and we know that the faster and better we produce, the sooner our fighting men will be freed from hell, and back home again among the things they love.

That's what we're working for...the swift, victorious return of our soldiers, our sailors, our marines.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



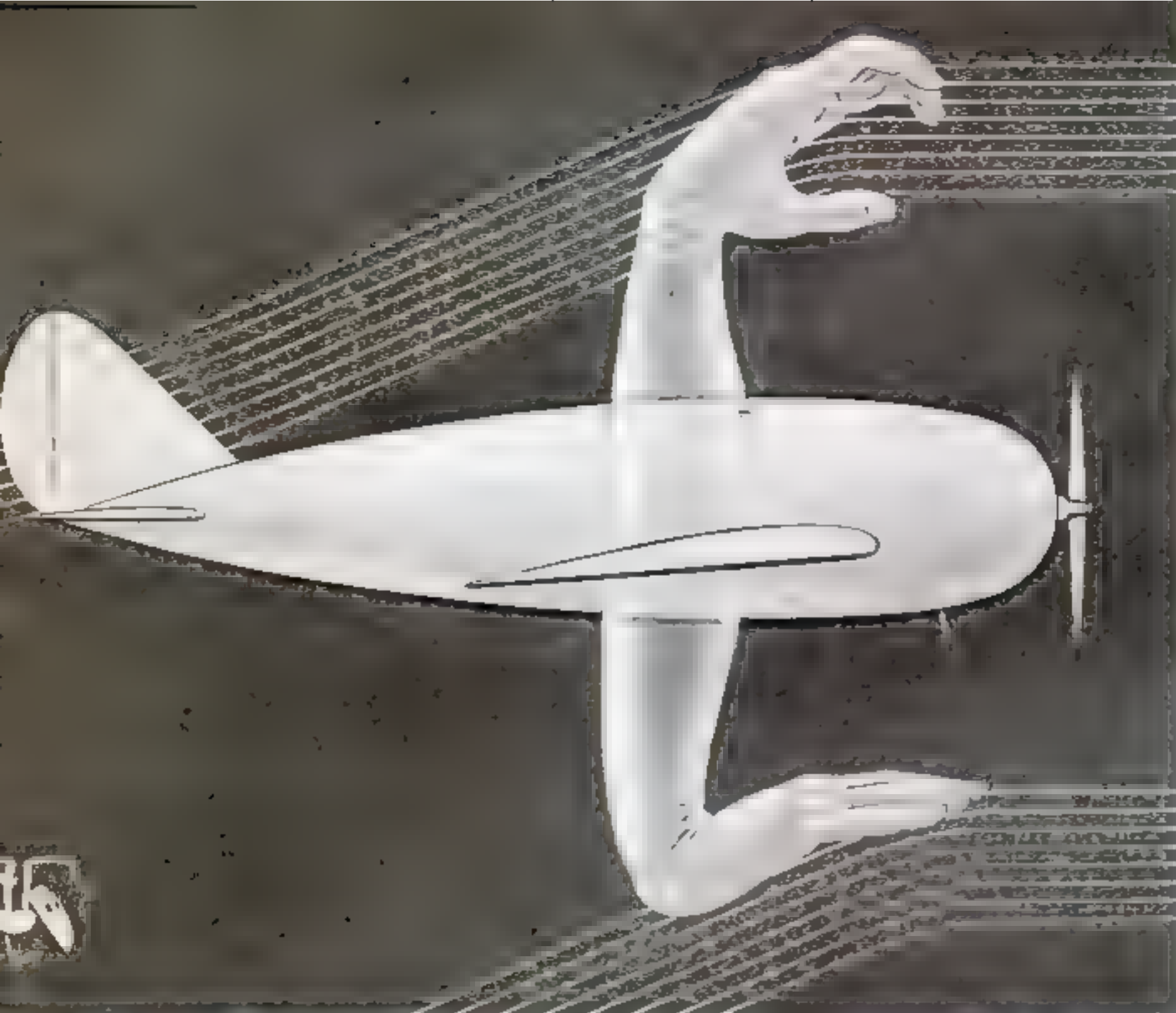
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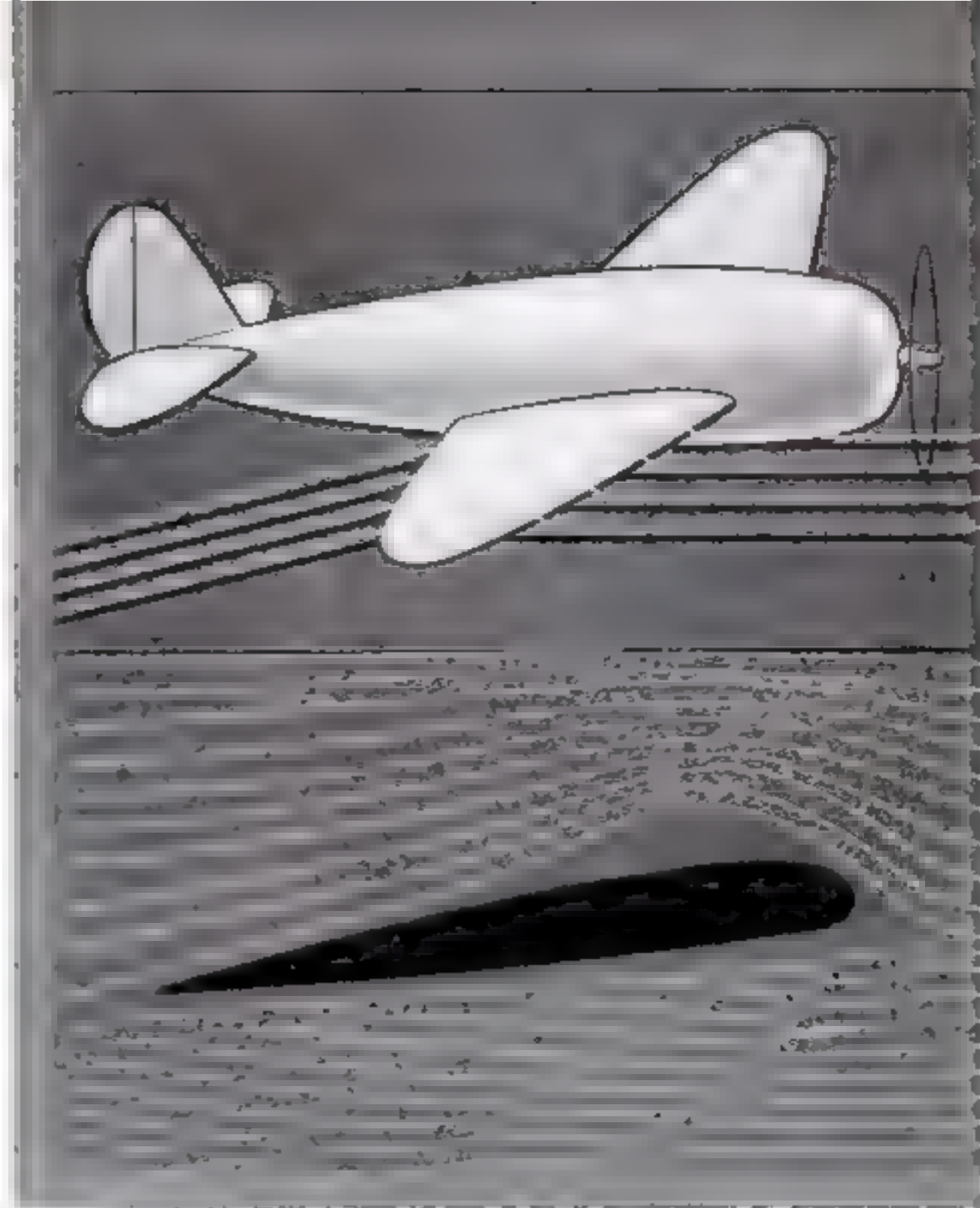
COMPRESSIBLE AIR DUCTS, carry heated air to engines and cabin of plane before taking off.

STEEL WIRE, being braided on cable, before insulating, for vital communications between army and division headquarters.



What a wing does is shown in the impressionistic drawing above. The bottom surface pushes air down, like

a hand pushing through the air. The upper surface lifts the wing, like hand pulling down at the air



Airflow is the motion of air over the wing and is what holds the airplane up. In straight flight, the air moves smoothly underneath, humps up on its top surface.

WHY AN AIRPLANE FLIES

AN ELOQUENT LESSON IN AERODYNAMICS SHOWS THAT THE BASIC THING ABOUT A PLANE IS ITS SHAPE

by WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

What makes an airplane fly is not its engine nor its propeller. Nor is it, as many people think, some mysterious knack of the pilot, nor some ingenious gadget inside. What makes an airplane fly is simply its shape. This may sound absurd, but gliders do fly without engines and model airplanes do fly without pilots. As for the insides of an airplane, they are disappointing for they are mostly hollow. No, what keeps an airplane up is its shape—the impact of the air upon its shape. Whistle that shape out of wood, or cast it out of iron, or fashion it, for that matter, out of chocolate and throw the thing into the air. It will behave like an airplane. It will *be* an airplane.

This—that its shape is what counts—is what makes the airplane so beautiful. It also makes it easy to understand. You don't have to open it up and look at "the works" inside as one has to do with a watch, a refrigerator or an automobile. An airplane's outside appearance is its "works." If you want to understand it, simply have a look.

Look at the wing. It holds the airplane up entirely by its shape. A wing is nothing but an air deflector, curved so and set at such an angle that it will catch the air and push it down. The air, resisting, pushes back up against the wing's bottom surface and that gives it some lift. At the same time—and this is more important—the wing also creates a lack of air on its top surface because of the way it is curved there. Thus it sucks air down from above. That air, resisting, sucks back upward on the wing's top surface and this is what gives the wing most of its lift.

And that's all there is to a wing! Man's greatest invention since the wheel and the boat—the thing that carries weights through thin air—is just a shape. As for the exact shape that will make the best wing, a whole science is concerned with that—*aerodynamics*. What counts most is the wing's cross section—what you would see if you sawed

Wolfgang Langewiesche, until recently an instructor on theory of flight for an Army flying school and now an active pilot, is one of the most eloquent aviation writers in the U. S. Author of a first-rate book on light-plane flying, *I'll Take the High Road* (Harcourt Brace, \$2.50), he has just finished a book on the art of flying, called *Stick and Rudder*. The drawings accompanying this article are by Fred Cooper, who combines imagination and humor with science to explain some principles of flight.

off the tips. Some 15,000 different shapes have been tested in the world's laboratories. It has been found that the wing with the highly arched top surface and a concave, scooped-out under surface will carry the most weight. The early airplanes had that kind of wing. But a more nearly streamlined cross section will carry good weight too and slide through the air more easily. Hence modern fast airplanes' wings don't have that hollowed-out under surface. But all such engineering refinements don't change the main idea of the wing: a wing is a shape that holds itself up by acting on the air.

Air is strange stuff

It is simple. If flight seems just the same a little miraculous and, to many people, still a little unsound, it is not because the natural law involved is at all strange. The law is the old one of action and reaction: if you push against *anything*, that thing resists and pushes back against you. As the gun pushes the bullet forward, the bullet kicks the gun backward making it recoil. What seems so strange about flying is merely that the thing we

work against is air. And air is strange stuff. Because we cannot see it, we think of it as a nothing. Because we cannot pinch it between our fingers, we think of it as empty space. And thus an airplane seems to sit up there in empty space, held up by nothing.

Actually, air is real stuff, just as real as water. It has density and body. It is a thick and slightly sticky fluid, molasses-like, though very thin molasses. Its tendency to stick to the skin of an airplane causes much headache to the engineers. It has weight. A cubic yard of air (a bathtubful) weighs about 2 lb. Thus if we could only see the air, all the mystery would go out of flying at once. We could then see the fierce attack with which the wing smashes into that stuff. We could see the terrific downward wallop which the wing gives to thousands of pounds of air every minute. And we could see that everywhere in the wake of an airplane, the air is in downward flow and keeps swirling and eddying for many minutes when the airplane itself is already miles farther on.

The magic shape of the wing can't have effect, of course, unless it keeps continually attacking new air. If an airplane is to keep flying, it must keep moving. It can't ever stop or even slow down much. If it slows down it sinks, if it slows down too much it sinks too fast. The wings then can no longer catch the air at the proper angle. The lift goes out of the wings like air out of a punctured tire; the airplane drops. That is what is called a stall. A "tailspin" is nothing but a fancy stall. One wing makes lift and wants to fly, the other wing is stalled and keeps dropping. Between them they twist the airplane down in a corkscrew motion. Normally, pulling back on the stick makes the airplane go up. But in the spin or stall, the harder the pilot pulls back, the more obstinately the airplane goes down. The more it goes down,



Gaining lift, the airplane wing is tilted up, creating more downward push of air and, most important, creating an air space on top which gives wing greater lift.



Four forces work like giant hands on the airplane in flight. Lift pulls the plane up and weight pulls it

down. Thrust from the propeller pulls the plane forward, drag of plane through the air holds it back

the harder the pilot's self-preservation instinct makes him pull back on the stick. The way to recover from a stall or spin is to get the stick forward, diving at the ground to pick up new speed. But that takes courage. A stall or spin means quite a drop—dozens of feet in a Cub, thousands of feet in a bomber. It is because a wing needs speed that airplanes need big airports. They can't fly until they have gathered speed, and they dare not slow up again until they are firmly on the ground. It is because a wing needs speed that the first rule of the art of piloting, contrary to all common sense, is this: keep your speed. If you want to be safe, *don't* go slow, go fast. When in doubt, speed up.

Just how fast must an airplane fly in order to be safe? This depends on the airplane's shape. If in proportion to its weight the plane has big wings, it can fly slowly; if it has small wings, it must fly fast. That's what "wing loading" means, the proportion between an airplane's weight and the size of its wings. A very speedy medium bomber has a square foot of wing for every 60 lb. of its weight, a slow Cub has ten square feet of wing for every 60 lb. of its weight. The bomber needs 120 m. p. h. or it will stall; the Cub will hang on at 35 m. p. h. A heavily wing-loaded airplane is fast but "hot," needs big airports and, if stalled, it will drop hard and deep. A lightly wing-loaded airplane is slow but more forgiving of pilot mistakes. But all airplanes must keep moving.

There are many ways to keep an airplane going. A motor and propeller are not the only way. The gliders, for instance, are pulled by a rope, the rope in turn being pulled by another airplane or by an automobile, or even (as was done in Russia) by galloping horses. Any airplane can also always maintain its speed simply by nosing down a little and coasting. This is called a glide and is the reason why an airplane doesn't crash simply because its engine quits. But a glide means a steady loss of altitude and the airplane must eventually land. Sometimes an airplane can glide in an updraft of air and, though it noses downward, the updraft may at the same time carry it up, much as a piece of paper is sometimes lifted high above the roofs. This sort of gliding is called soaring and is the most delightful of all types of flight. But updrafts are hard to find and unreliable and it takes a slow, light glider to stay in them. The sensible and businesslike way to keep the airplane going is to give

it its own source of power, an engine and propeller.

Propellers are weird, doubly so, because at work they become invisible. They whirl too fast. Hence many people don't understand what a propeller really does. Some think that the propeller pulls the airplane always upward as well as forward and that this is really what keeps an airplane up. This is not true. The propeller drives the airplane forward, the wings take care of the lift. In a blimp the propeller drives the ship forward and the balloon takes care of the lift. Again, some people think that the propeller's purpose is to blow air against the wings and that this is how the wings develop lift. That isn't true either. The propeller does throw a blast of air backward, but the engineers would be only too happy to keep that air from hitting any part of the airplane. It is a nuisance. Moreover, the wings don't need a blast of air. If the airplane keeps moving they get plenty of air to work on.

The propeller is like a wing

And that's what the propeller does: it keeps the airplane moving forward. It doesn't lift, it drives. Mount one on a sled and it will drive the sled; mount one on a hydroplane and it will drive the hydroplane. And if you mounted one on a trolley car, it would run the trolley car.

The propeller, just like the wing, works upon the air by shape. Each propeller blade is nothing but an "air foil," a shape much like an airplane wing to catch and make use of the air. In fact, a propeller blade's cross section has exactly the same curves as a wing's cross section. The propeller blade catches the air and throws it backward and by so doing gets a forward force.

Because the propeller is driven by a motor, it is almost the same thing as an electric fan; the two look slightly different only because they are used differently. In the propeller you don't use the backward blast of air, but you use the kick and you allow it to make plenty of noise. The electric fan is designed not to make too much noise; you use the blast of air and you don't use the "kick-back." In fact, most people don't know that an electric fan has a kick just like a propeller. But just set your electric fan on a toy wagon and watch it propel.

How big a propeller, how powerful an engine does it take to keep the airplane going fast enough

so that it will fly? The amazing, the at first quite incredible thing is that it takes very little force. A one-man glider weighing 500 lb. can be pulled through the air by a force of only 25 lb. A child in the rumble seat of the tow car could easily hold the tow rope in his hand and keep it flying. For ordinary airplanes, the figures are only a little less favorable; to keep a 10,000-lb. airplane flying takes only about 1,000 lb. of propeller pull.

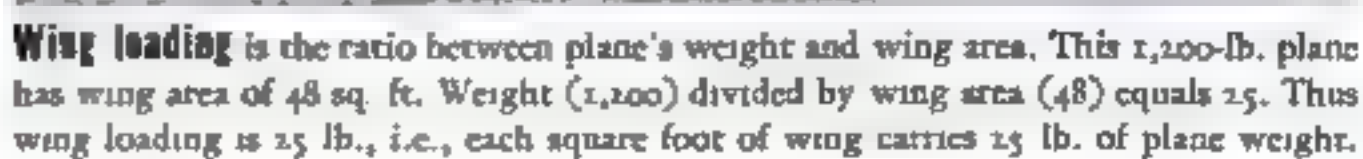
The force that holds an airplane back, the force which the propeller has to overcome to keep the airplane going is called the drag. Like everything else about the airplane it depends on the shape, and hence you can see it, if you know where to look.

The wing itself makes a drag: the plowing down of air requires force. This drag—the price which we must pay for lift—is called the induced drag, and it depends much on the shape of the wing. A narrow wing of long span catches much air, gives it a gentle push and requires little force. A broad wing of short span catches less air, gives it more of a push and requires more force. This is why patrol bombers and other long-distance airplanes have long narrow wings; they get more miles per gallon that way. That is also why gliders have long narrow wings; they slide more easily. Wing-tip shape, too, has much to do with this induced drag: on a square wing, the tip plows too hard, and some of the rest not hard enough, a tapered wing works more easily, slides more easily.

Another drag is skin friction: the air, molasses-like, clings to the skin, and the airplane can't move without dragging a lot of air around. An airplane actually won't dust itself off in flight; if it goes up dusty, it comes down still dusty. The reason is that next to the skin, the air hardly slides at all.

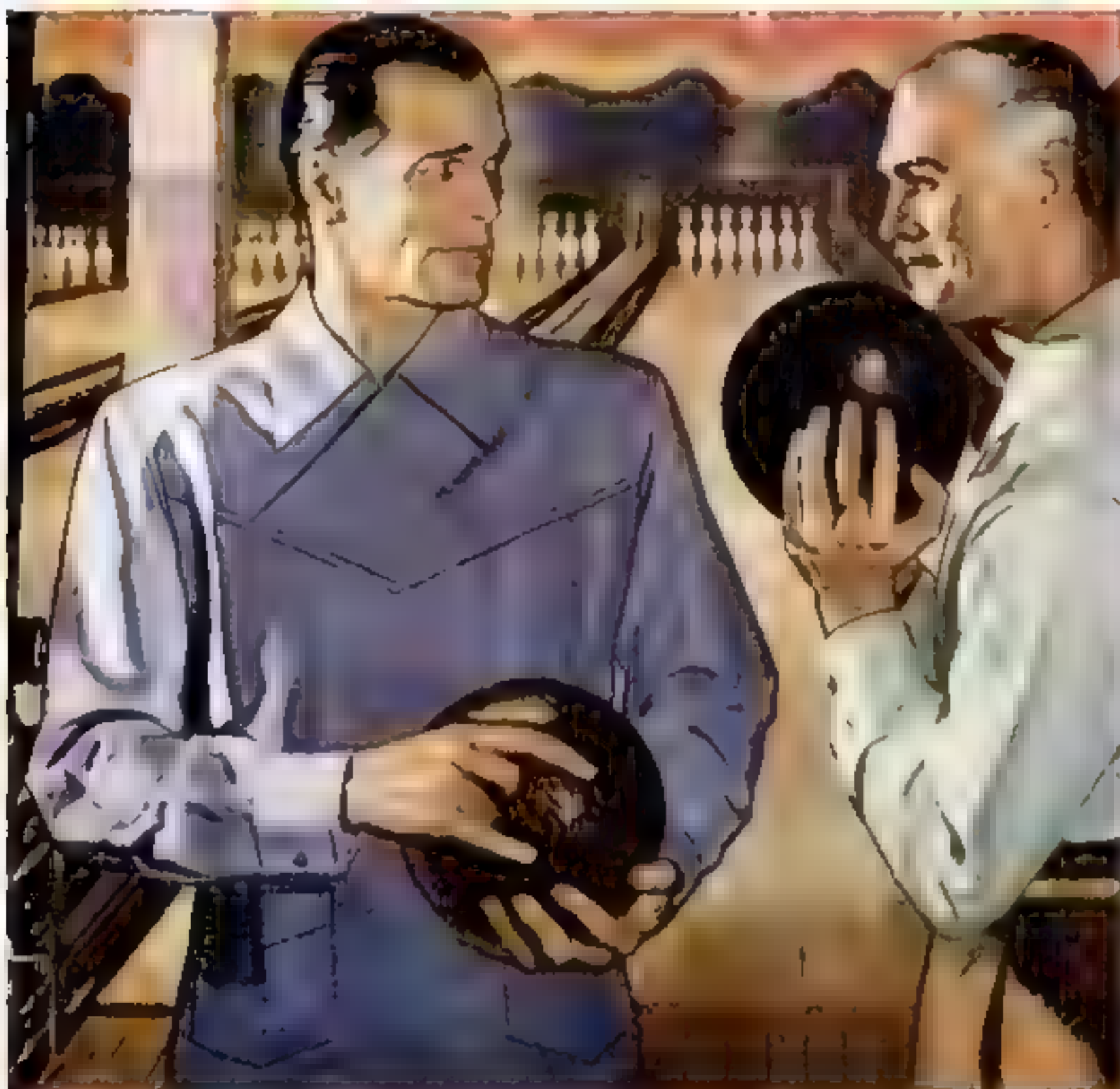
That's why it is important that the shape of an airplane be absolutely smooth: in an airliner or a bomber even the tiny roughness of the rivet heads on the skin causes a drag force of a couple of hundred pounds. Racers and soaring gliders are polished with a cloth before each flight. Skin friction is the reason why some airplanes are of odd shape. In very fast airplanes, the designer sometimes will rather have a less efficient shape simply because it will give him less total skin surface and hence less friction.

But the biggest thing that holds the airplane back is so obvious that one doesn't think of it: the many parts of the airplane that are not wing.





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FOR WORK OR REST—practical and comfortable *RUGGERS Freedom Shirt. Flexible Fit, convertible collar for wear with or without a tie. White or solid colors in oxford weave. Long sleeves, \$2. Short sleeves, \$1.65.

We used to take weeks to build a plane—now it's a matter of hours. Ships used to take months—now we build them in a few days. All America hums with a new activity. *America is on the go!*

Today's clothes must be keyed to this new spirit of activity . . . demand new freedom of action—more practicality. Freedom Shirts are tailored by *B.V.D. for the times. Designed for maximum comfort and efficiency when you work—and for that relaxation we all need to keep going at our best.

Take a good look at their smart lines and patterns, their easy, freedom-giving cut. Here are rugged, "he-man" shirts that can take it. 3500 laundries guarantee them washable. To top it off—Freedom Shirts bear the B.V.D. label—one you know you can trust for quality. Select *your* Shirts today!

FOR EVERYONE—"on the go"—this different B.V.D. RUGGERS Freedom Shirt. In smart, conservative, all-rayon plaid. Practical for work—ideal for "off-duty" wear. Long sleeves, \$4. Short sleeves, \$3.50. Others from \$1.35.



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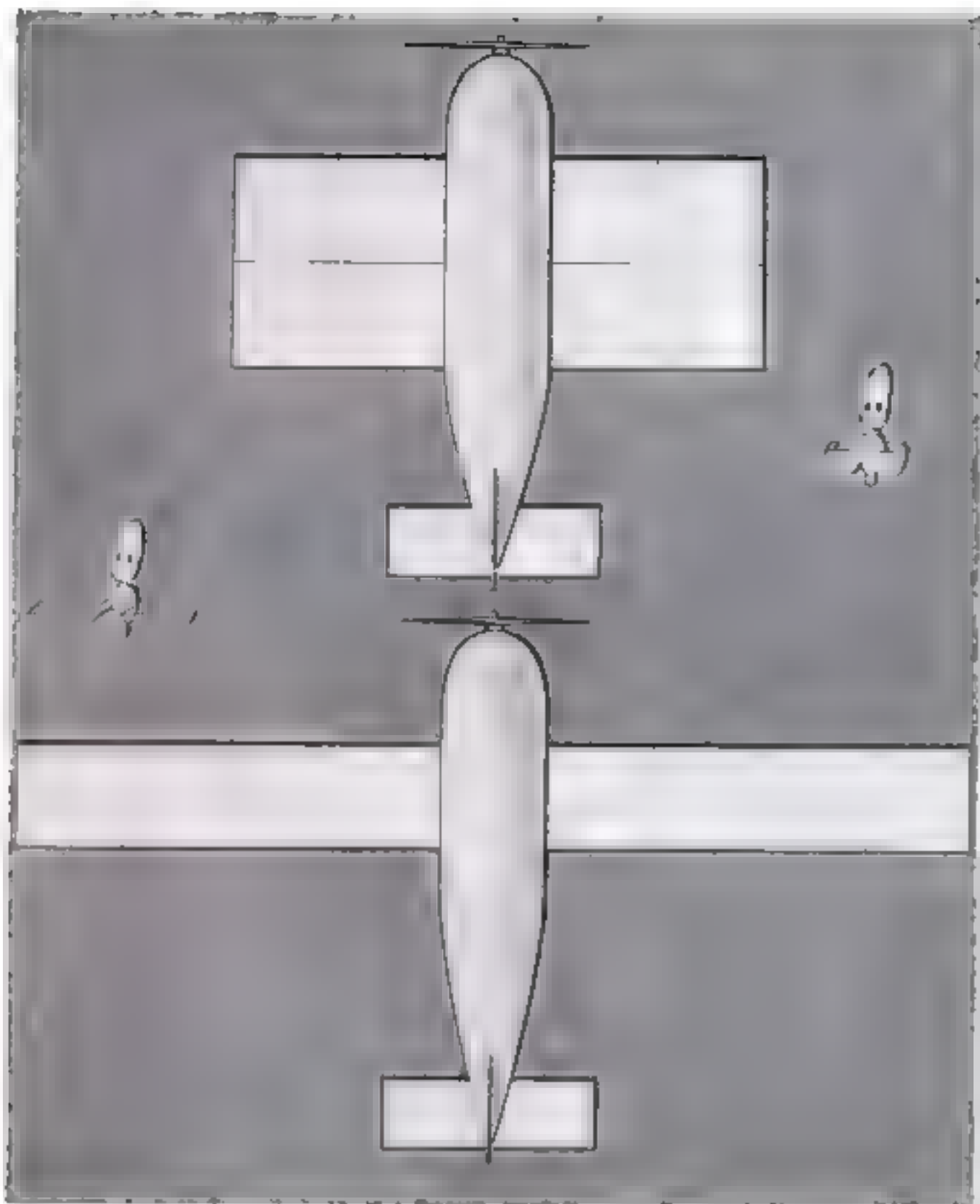
SEAGRAM *always* thinks of Tomorrow. Remember away back when the first car drove through the Lincoln Tunnel, under the Hudson River? When "The Big Apple" was the dance of the year? The year the Russian airmen hopped from Moscow over the North Pole to California, making the longest non-stop flight in history? That's the year the rare whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were blended for gracious flavor and laid away to mellow. Ever since then these fine whiskies have been treasured for Tomorrow—so the V.O. of today will always be preferred for THE WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.



Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



Aspect ratio is a relation between length and width of wing. It is low in fast, stubby, highly maneuverable fighter planes (*top*) and high in heavy-load carriers like bombers.

WHY A PLANE FLIES (continued)

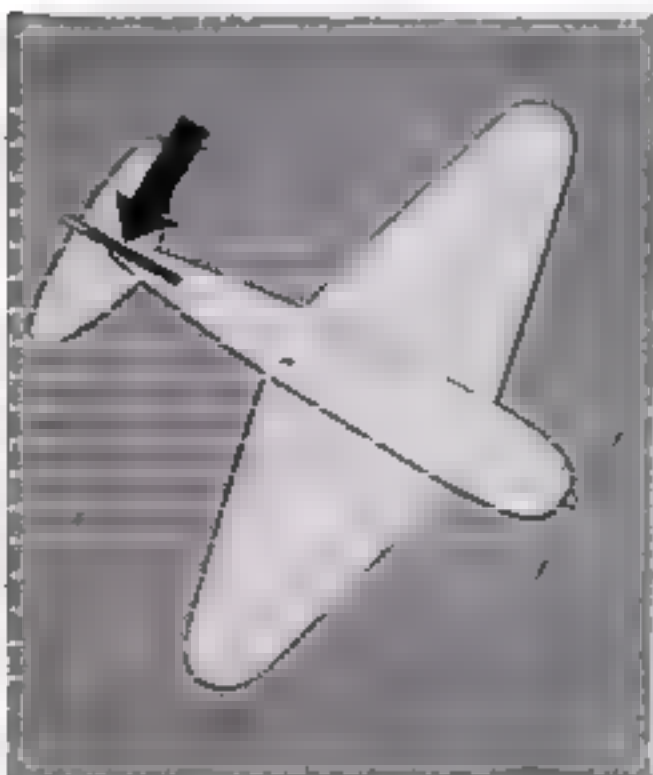
piloting consists of about nine-tenths of doing nothing and trusting the airplane. Many people think that on the slightest lapse of the pilot's attention an airplane will go into a spin. Actually, a stall or a spin is brought on only by heavy misuse of the controls. Generally speaking, an airplane left to itself does not want to drop, it wants to fly. A careless pilot sometimes leaves his airplane standing on the airport with the engine idling while he goes for a cup of coffee—and it has happened that such an airplane has run away, taken off and flown itself, pilotless, for a couple of hours.

This uncanny stability is simply a matter of shape. Whenever anything is wrong, the airplane by that very fact presents a different side of itself to the onrushing air. Since its shape is designed with just that idea in mind, the air will create on the new shape a new force, and the new force rights the airplane.

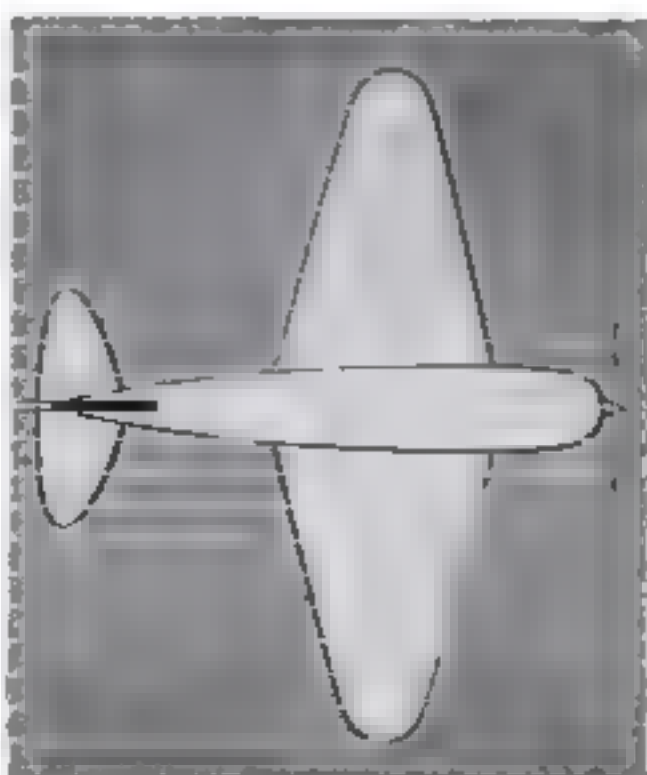
One such stabilizing shape is the vertical fin on the tail. If a gust turns the airplane crosswise to its line of flight, so that it begins to move in the manner of a skidding car, the vertical fin thereby is turned broadside to the onrushing air and the tail is blown right back where it belongs.

Another such stabilizing refinement of shape is the dihedral angle, that V-like uptilt of the wings as viewed from in front. Let a gust of air try to capsize the airplane, say to the left. The moment it begins to slide off sideways, the air begins to blow harder against its left

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Vertical fin helps stabilize the plane. If the plane yaws, i.e., swings off course (*left*), air blowing against the fin pushes it back so that plane can proceed on course (*right*).



Enjoy the open spaces

IN BOSTONIAN AIR-COOLS

Yes, there are open spaces in Bostonian Air-Cools. Hundreds of "windows" let cool breezes in. AIR-COOLS are an open invitation to comfort Bostonians. Whitman, Mass. \$8.95 to \$12

Get out of the oven into the ice box, with Spruce, center.

Bantam-weight Breezeaway is Walk-Fitted. Lower Left.

Marvel—below—authentic White Buck for Naval and Civilian Summer wear.



WALK IT AND LIKE IT IN

Bostonians

FIT RIGHT - FEEL RIGHT *They're Walk-Fitted*



"WHERE'S my horse?" cried Paul Revere, as he hurriedly got ready for his famous ride.

"Outside waiting for you," replied Mrs. Revere.

"My hat! Where's my hat?"

"On your head, dear."

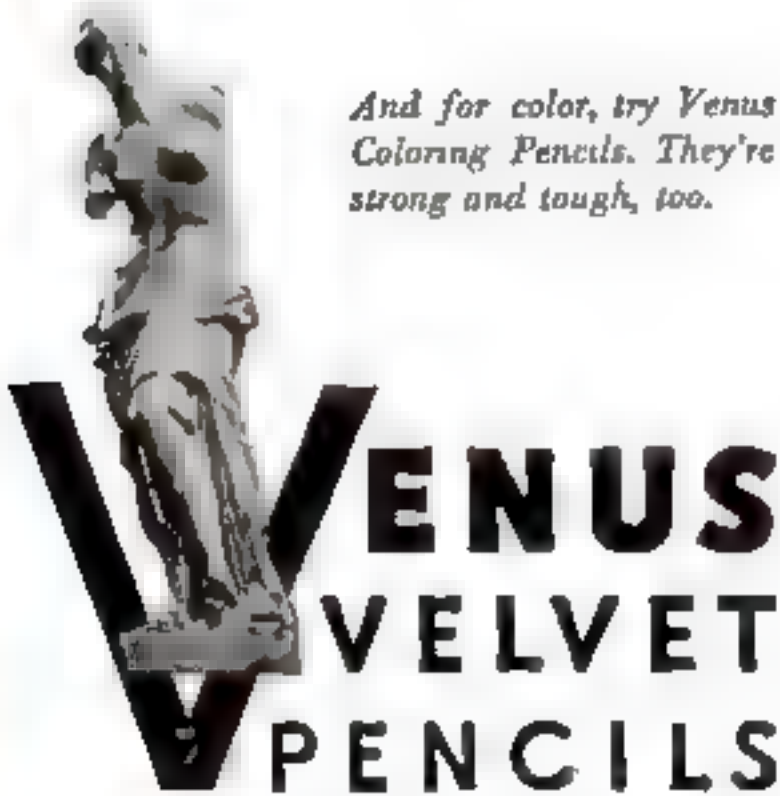
"Well, I guess that's everything. Good-bye now."

"No, wait a minute," Mrs. Revere called out. "You've forgotten your

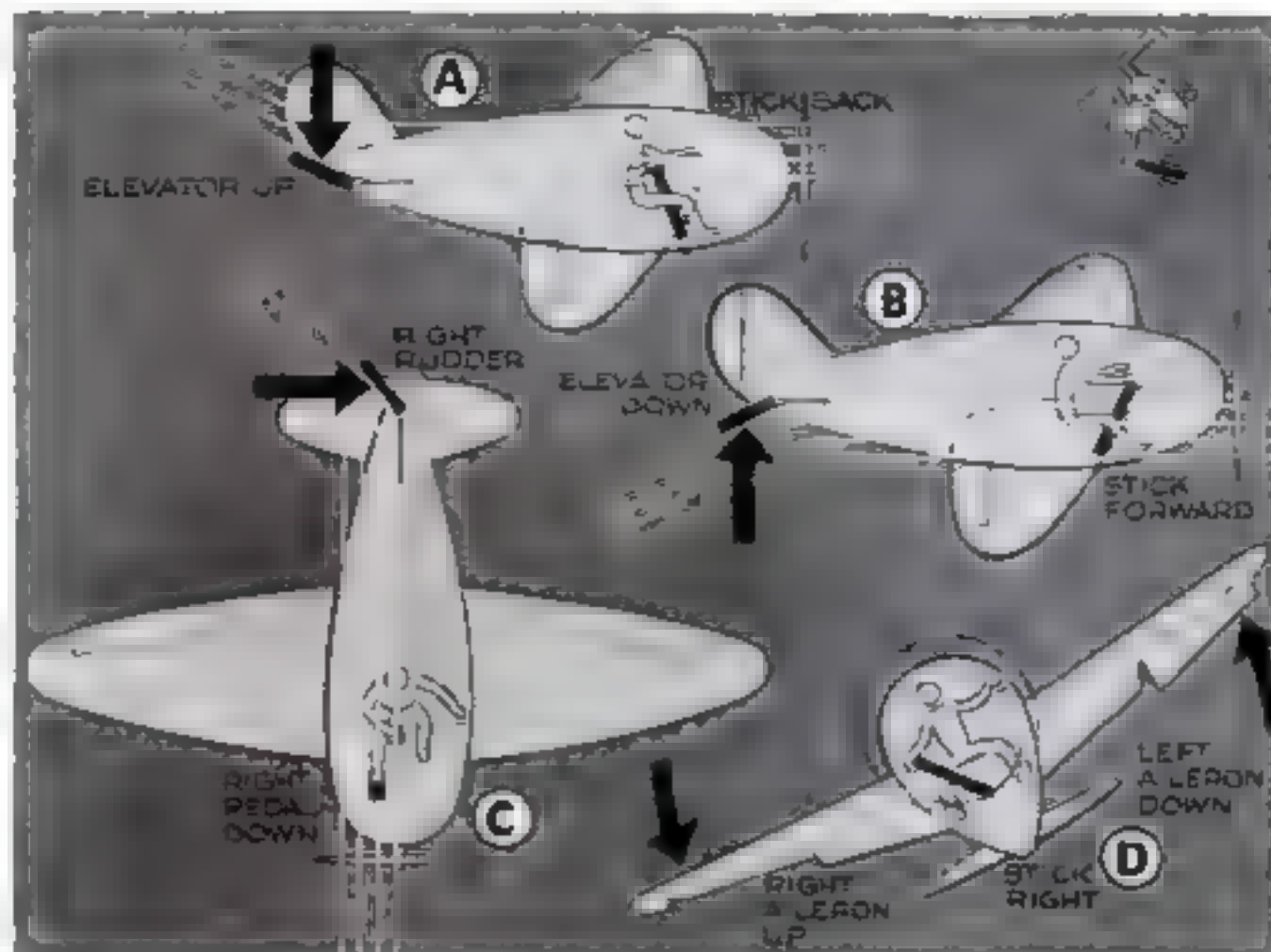


Venus-Velvet Pencil. You'll need it. I'll expect a letter every day. They say Venus-Velvets are just wonderful for this new V-Mail."

Right, Mrs. Revere. Venus-Velvets are smooth, black and tough . . . They're "Pressure-Proofed." Ask your stationer or office supplier.



AMERICAN PENCIL CO., NEW YORK
In Canada: Venus Pencil Company, Ltd., Toronto



Controls work from stick and pedals. In A, stick back moves elevator up, air pushes tail down, nose goes up. Opposite happens in B when stick goes forward. In C, foot pedal moves rudder right, air blows tail left, plane noses right. In D, stick to right moves right aileron up, left down; air pushes left wing up and right down, plane banks right.

WHY A PLANE FLIES (continued)

side because the designer has tilted the wings at that angle. The air immediately lifts harder on the left wing, less hard on the right wing, and the airplane tries to right itself.

Of all the things that a well-shaped airplane will do, the cleverest is the way it keeps itself going forward, maintains that all-important speed. Suppose that the engine should suddenly quit. If the airplane then wanted to stop it would be dangerous, for without speed there can be no lift, and the ship would stall or spin. But the airplane does not want to stop. It wants to keep going. It noses down slightly and thus by coasting maintains its speed. The shapes that do this are the two horizontal fins on the tail. At first glance, they look like a pair of little wings holding up the small end of the fuselage while the big wings hold up the big end. Actually the horizontal tail fins hold the tail down. They do so partly because of the angle at which they are set, and partly because they are always flying in the down-wash of the air that comes from the wings. The wings themselves are set on the fuselage fairly far back so that the airplane is always a little nose heavy and always wants to go into a dive; and the only thing that keeps the airplane out of that dive is the down force on the tail fins. If the airplane slows up even by only a few m. p. h., the air rushes less hard against the tail fins. The down force fades out, the tail comes up, the nose goes down—and the airplane picks up new speed. The contrary is also true. If the airplane ever gathers speed because the nose drops, the excessive speed puts a powerful force on the tail fins. The tail goes down, the nose comes up and the airplane comes out of the descent all by itself.

Controls change the plane's shape

Even the airplane's controls work by shape. When the pilot presses against stick or pedals, what he really does thereby is to bend his airplane's wings and tail out of shape. Then the air, hitting the new shape, creates a new force that makes the nose go up or down, or swings it right or left, or banks the wings. In the Wrights' early airplanes this was done by literally bending the structure. Today it is done by moving hinged rudderlike surfaces on the tail, known as the flippers and the rudder, and similar surfaces on the wings, called the ailerons. By putting backward pressure against his stick, the pilot deflects his flippers slightly upward. The air, hitting this sloping surface, blows the tail down and the nose comes up. By putting forward pressure on the stick, the pilot deflects the flippers downward. The air blows the tail up and the nose goes down. By pressing against the right pedal, the pilot deflects the rudder slightly to the right. The air hitting the rudder blows the tail to the left and the nose swings to the right. By holding the stick to the left, the pilot deflects both ailerons—one on each wing. The air then blows the right wing up and the left wing down, and the airplane banks to the left.

Because they work by shape, by the impact of flowing air on shape, an airplane's controls are not mechanical and positive like a car's, but fluid and soft; and they are full of little tricks. As every flying cadet soon finds out, smooth accurate control of an airplane is quite an art. The feel and the effectiveness of each control varies according



Take care of your lighter. Uncle Sam needs all that can be made for our fighting forces. Keep your fighting-fit with RONSON 'Flints', Wicks and RONSONOL (Fuel).

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RONSON
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
by RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter

IMPORTANT—More so now than ever! Keep your lighter fighting-fit. If your RONSON (pocket or table model) needs attention, for servicing at minimum cost send it to RONSON, Service Dept. Newark, N. J.

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America's
 Most
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A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
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FULL LINED WITH DRYBRO RAYON
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No coupons for me?

You can keep your dog healthy—even with no meat in his diet! Feed him eggs, milk and green vegetables to supply protein—and Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) to supply meat vitamins. He must have them!

Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules contain all the different vitamins a dog needs. Fed daily, they help protect him from Black Tongue, Rickets, Eczema, certain Fits. Not a medicine—they contain vitamins A, B₁, D and C—the same ones you need.

Your dog can thrive on his new feeding habits, plus Sergeant's Vitamin Capsules. Get them at drug and pet stores ... and the new, free Sergeant's Dog Book (or use this coupon).

FREE SERGEANT'S, Dept. 52 E, Richmond, Va.
 Please mail the NEW, 1943, 40-page
 illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:

Name _____
 Address _____
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Sergeant's
 VITAMIN CAPSULES (VITAPETS)

to the airplane's speed. In fast flight, they feel firm and stiff and the airplane responds promptly. In a slow glide, they feel soft and "mushy" and the airplane is slow to respond. In a stall, the stick feels dead as if it were disconnected. And always, each control produces not only the desired main effect, but all sorts of annoying little by-effects as well. It is as if the gremlins had got at your car and had connected up the controls so that each time you stepped on the gas, the car wanted to turn left; each time you turned right, the brakes went on, each time you blew your horn, something threw out your clutch. Each time the pilot uses one control he thus must make small corrections also with some other control. If he holds the stick to the left, for instance, the air will blow the left wing down and the right wing up and the ship will bank to the left, as it should. But at the same time, the nose slews around to the right, as it should not. This is because the air, blowing against the slightly distorted wings, blows the right wing back and lets the left wing slide forward. Thus the pilot must accompany his hand work on the stick with just the right amount of corrective foot work on his pedals, or else the ship will slip or skid.

Pilot and plane coordinate

Many hours are spent at flying schools practicing this "coordination" between the controls. More cadets are washed out for inability to coordinate smoothly enough than for any other cause. It is true that the shape of an airplane will keep it up, keep it going forward, and keep it right side up. But flying simply by its own shape, it will fly errantly, staggering through the sky in random swoops, and to no purpose. If it is to fly purposefully, the pilot must make it go where he wants it to go—and that is the art of flying. The less spectacular a flight may look, the more skillful it probably is. Simply to make an airplane come down from the mile-high, mile-wide spaces and settle down precisely on a few yards of runway is a feat that requires endless hours of practice and training. It is actually much easier to loop the loop.

Among expert pilots, simply to fly straight and level through jumpy air and flowing winds is considered one of the most telling tests of a man's flying ability. The airplane that moves in a long straight line across your sky does so not by its own will, but only because a skilled pilot keeps it flying straight by a finely coordinated play of his controls, making small, almost imperceptible changes in his airplane's shape, that are much like the small steadying motions of the tail and the wing of the sea gull as it soars.



Parasite drag is air resistance caused by parts of plane that aren't wing. Old biplanes (bottom) full of struts and wires offered huge parasite drag. Planes grew much cleaner. Today's ships, which have retractable landing gear, cut down parasite drag enormously. Tomorrow's planes, which may be all wing (top), might have no parasite drag at all.

Adventures of
LONGINES
 THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

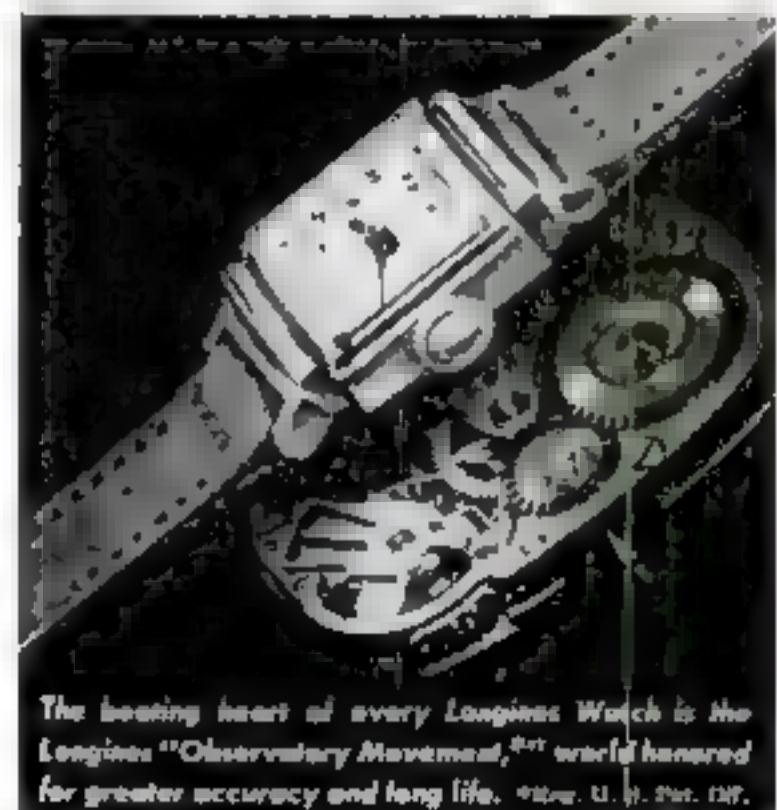


Pacific Mission—one kept on running

On October 21, 1942, eight men in a Flying Fortress braced themselves for a forced landing on the Pacific. The captain skillfully brought the plane down in the valley between two mountainous swells. Three rubber rafts were inflated and the men scrambled into them as the plane settled. Six minutes later, the plane disappeared and the men were alone in the broad Pacific. Thus began an ordeal of drifting; burned with sun and salt water, starved and parched with frightful thirst; that ended with a miraculous rescue 21 long days later. It is the now epic adventure of the Rickenbacker Pacific Mission. One by one all of the watches in the party, except one, stopped running as salt water corrosion attacked the movements. No watches are built for the punishment these watches suffered. But we are proud that the one that kept on running was a Longines.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines
 WINNER OF 16 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
 AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life. ©1942 U. S. Pat. 1,287.



A MOTHER GADWALL DUCK SITS SERENELY ON HER BIG ROUND NEST. FROM UNDERNEATH HER DOWNY BREAST, HER NEW NESTLINGS PEER OUT CURIOUSLY AT THE WORLD

NESTLING BIRDS

This has been a bad year for birds. A laggard spring held up things and many birds are days late in getting their family life started. But in the next two weeks, most U. S. birds will have their nests filled with eggs or hungry nestlings, like those shown in color on the following pages.

With birds, as with humans, making a home starts as soon as the formalities of courtship are done. The male bird picks the area for the nest and the female chooses the exact tree, shrub or thicket. Sometimes the male bird helps build the nest. Other times he gets in the way or just sits around and sings. When the nest is finished, the female starts to lay eggs in it, usually at the rate of one a day. When they are all laid, she starts to incubate them. Some males do a

full share of nest sitting. Others feed the female while she sits. Regularly the parent turns the eggs over with feet or bill so they will be equally warmed on all sides.

A great many water birds, which are usually born with eyes open and muscles developed, can leave the nest a few hours after they are hatched. Most arboreal birdlings, however, are weak and helpless for days after being hatched. At first, some bird parents swallow food, then regurgitate it into their babies' throats. Later on, this predigestion isn't necessary, but careful parents push insects right down a young one's throat so that food can't fly away before it is swallowed.

Birdlings are not fed in rotation. The one that

yells loudest is fed first and continues to be fed until another birdling yells louder. Birds automatically cease to swallow—but not to yell—when they have had enough to eat. A careful mother bird looks down her baby's throat. If she sees an unswallowed bug, she picks it out and gives it to another baby. Nestling appetites are enormous. A baby robin can eat 14 ft. of earthworm in one day.

The color photographs on the three following pages are by Eliot Porter of Cambridge, Mass., who took many of them under a Guggenheim Fellowship. His birdling photographs have been exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The grebe pictures on last color page are the work of Cleveland Grant, well-known nature photographer and lecturer.



Red-winged Blackbird perches over nestlings, all squealing for more food. Cautious male is somewhere near in

marsh. Males are often polygamous, setting up two or three nests in one vicinity, guarding all of them. This seems happy

arrangement for both male and female. Babies often climb from nest, chamber back unless devoured by frog or turtle.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Cardinal brings insects and berries to the nestlings. When the young are old enough to fly, female leaves male to guard them, goes off to raise another brood.



Red-eyed Vireo young can gobble hundreds of small worms a day. Sometimes a white egg in vireo nest, so reverently raised, symbolizes her family.



Yellow-billed Cuckoo brings dragonflies to nest which nestlings share with egg. Cuckoo's clutch hatches at intervals and young of several sizes are found in nest.





Blue Jay is an attentive parent, bustling back and forth attempting to satisfy the never-satisfied young. The hovering male is a fierce defender of his nest.



Yellow-breasted Chat, a furtive bird which makes its nest in low and hidden places, crams bugs and berries into the gaping mouths of its nearly naked nestlings.

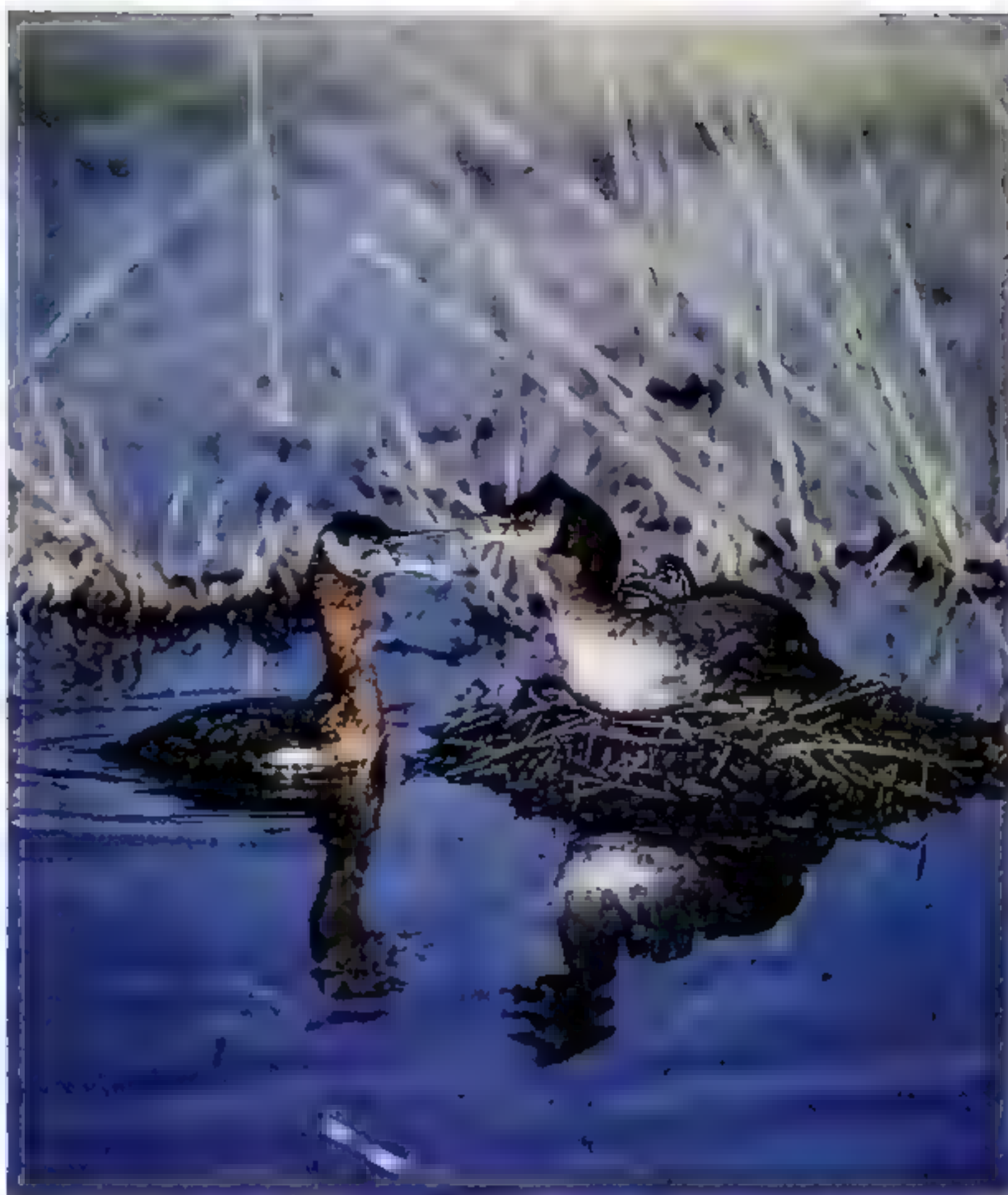
Bobolink babies, almost falling from nest when food comes, love crickets and grasshoppers. If pygmy gets lucky, male sobers up, becomes good provider during nesting.



Nestlings (continued)



Hobbess Grebe, a water bird, makes a little island on which to build nest. Here two baby grebes paddle around nest on which parent guards two unhatched eggs.



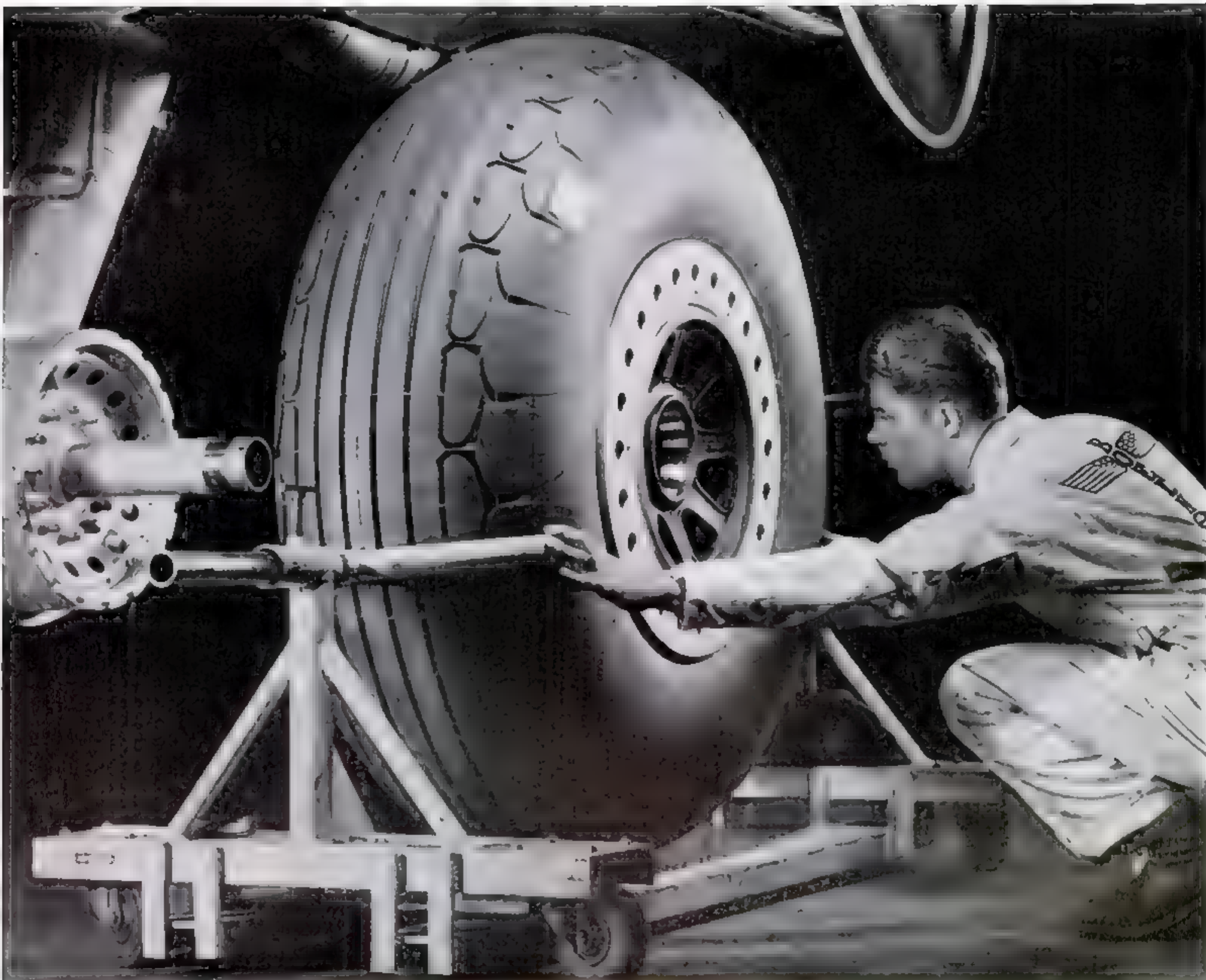
The affectionate male grebe swims up to his mate and gives a loonlike love call. Male grebes pay loving attention to females even after mating. The two baby grebes perch on their mother's back.



The father offers food to children after having shown devotion to their mother. Babies come down from mother's back to eat—probably a small fish or tadpole.



The baby grebe eats while the mother looks maternally down her long beak at the happy domestic scene. This family story was photographed by Cleveland Grant on Souris River in North Dakota.



Easy does it

One of the most important jobs at Boeing is making other Boeing jobs easier . . . simplifying procedures so that, despite shortages of skilled workers, production constantly goes upward.

Above is pictured an example of this easy-does-it manufacturing philosophy — a simple device, but it illustrates the point: the Boeing-developed wheel-installation dolly, by means of which *one* worker slips quarter-ton wheels onto the axles of Boeing Flying Fortresses.* The wheel, held firmly on the dolly by adjustable arms, is rolled into position on

casters. Once the wheel is slipped over the landing-gear axle, the arms of the dolly are moved back and the job is done.

This is but a simple example, and only one among hundreds, of the constant effort in Boeing plants (at Seattle and Renton, Washington, Wichita, Kansas, and Vancouver, B. C.) to achieve maximum production efficiency with a minimum of human exertion, through improved tools and handling equipment . . . an effort which has contributed to the *highest output per man, machine and unit of*

plant space among all manufacturers of aircraft.

Co-ordinated with Boeing know-how in research, design and more than twenty-five different engineering fields, this manufacturing skill has made Boeing-designed and Boeing-built Flying Fortresses renowned not only for *quality* but for *quantity*.

And in the peacetime to come, these same skills will make the phrase "Built by Boeing" a hall-mark of skilfully designed, soundly engineered, efficiently manufactured products.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

BOEING



STYLISH AND SAFE ARE THESE TAPERED, CUFFLESS SLACKS, TRIM APRON AND SHIRT



OVERALL WITH WING-SHAPED STRIPE IS SNUG, PRETTY. BUT ROLLED SLEEVES ARE TABOO

FLYING FORTRESS FASHIONS

Safe but attractive wardrobe designed for Boeing workers becomes a new fashion fad on West Coast

A factory with whirling machinery is obviously no place for a skirt but it took nearly a year to convince women working in war plants that any old pair of slacks or pants was not the solution to the problem of appropriate attire. Baggy slacks, or slacks with cuffs or flapping pockets can be a greater hazard than a skirt. Wide-mesh sweaters, frilled blouses, loose-flowing hair are dangerous.

As soon as it became apparent that many accidents were traceable to wearing apparel, safety engineers took a hand in designing what women should wear. They held "safety" fashion shows. They coaxed, commanded, threatened, but the bulk of women workers continued to dress as they pleased. What the safety engineers failed



POINTED WAISTBAND GIVES COVERALL A SLIM-WAIST LOOK, DESPITE NEEDED FULLNESS



COTTON SHIRT HAS FLATTERING HIGH POCKETS, APRON HAS POCKETS FOR TOOLS

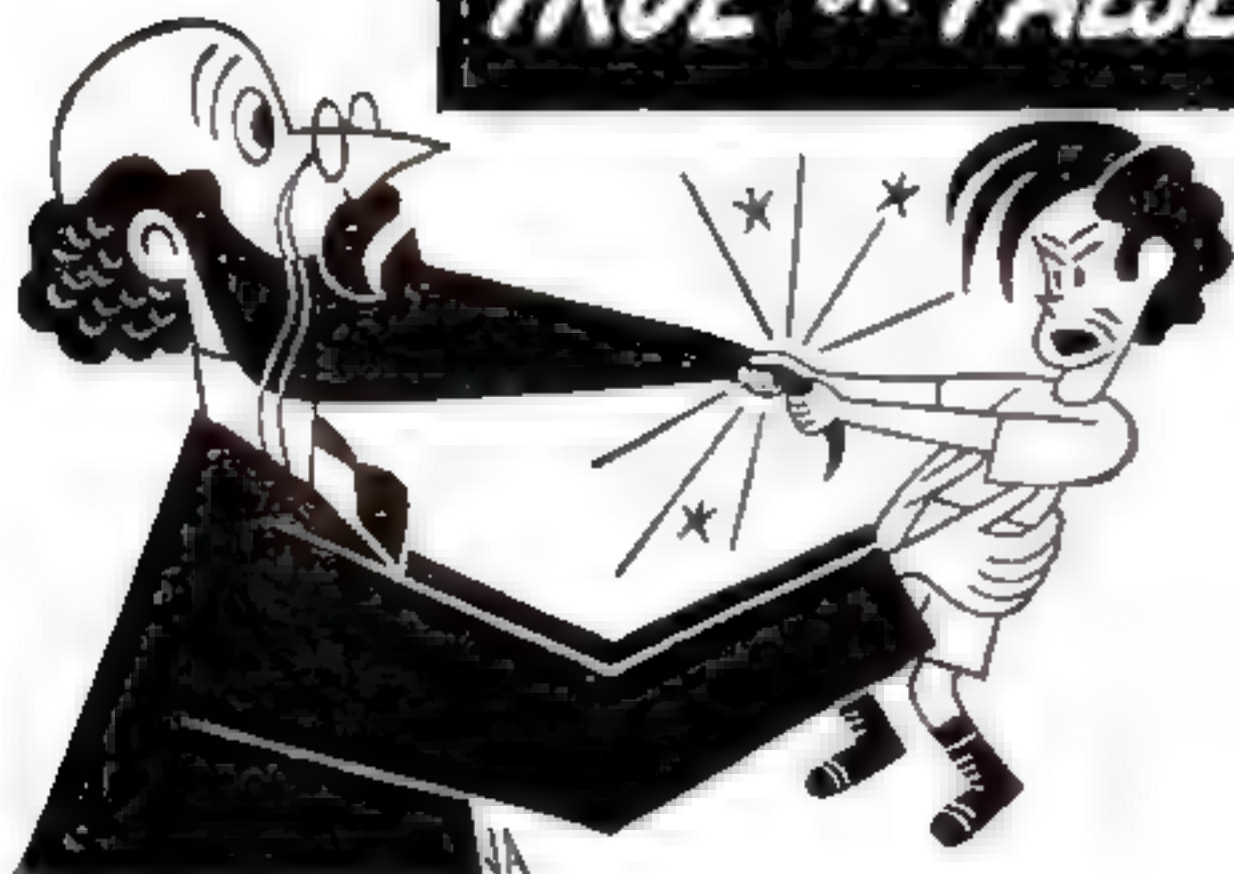
to realize was that in order to make women eager to wear the new work clothes, they would first have to make the clothes attractive.

Lined up above are four "Flying Fortress" fashions created for Boeing workers by able Designer Muriel King. It is easy to see why women, not only at Boeing but at Lockheed and Douglas, are getting into them as fast as the manufacturers can produce them. They have snug, slimming waistlines, flattering high-cut bosom lines, sleek tapered trousers. Safety engineers like them because 1) slacks and sleeves have no cuffs or fullness to catch in machinery 2) outside pockets have no flaps, 3) garments are cut full enough to give complete freedom of action but fullness is con-

trolled; 4) diamond-shaped waistline gives a snug fit without use of hazardous extra belt; 5) fabrics are both dustproof and lint-resistant, 6) color is gray-blue, flattering but light enough to show grease and dirt which should be easily detected for hygienic reasons 7) turban is cool and dust resistant, high enough to act as a warning antenna

Modeled above by Starlets Frances Gifford (1), Frances Robinson (2), Barbara Britton (3 and 4), these newest styles for war workers might well be taken for garden and play-clothes fashions. Equally attractive and functional blouses, dresses, suits have been designed for office workers. For an example, see the page following.

TRUE OR FALSE?



1. Human hair does not stretch?

FALSE. Hair will stretch $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ its length.

2. Beard removal was once regarded as degrading punishment?

TRUE. But men agree that shaving today is no punishment with Williams Shaving Cream containing Lanolin. Williams creamy lather wilts whiskers completely soft. And soothing Lanolin helps eliminate razor irritation.

3. Doctors often prescribe Lanolin to soothe and soften skin?

TRUE. Mr. Myron Fink, pharmacist, says: "Lanolin is like the skin's natural oil. I have filled many doctors' prescriptions that called for Lanolin. In Williams Shaving Cream, it softens, soothes—lets you get a closer shave in comfort."



CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN

Same familiar tube

Walk without wilting in WALK-OVERS



Like your own personal jeep—this shoe will take you anywhere. *Hot weather?* You're cooled by those breeze holes. *Rough going?* That moccasin soft leather is rugged Brogan. *Long miles?* You'll get an extra lift from Walk-Over natural-fit... extra wear from Walk-Over quality craftsmanship. Walk-Over prices \$8.95 to \$12.95. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.



Save Rubber and Gas for the boys... by walking in Walk-Overs—69 years the quality shoe.

Fashions (continued)

OFFICE GIRLS ALSO GET NEW STYLES

When Muriel King was asked by Boeing Aircraft Company to design a wardrobe for women workers, she decided to include all the workers. That meant creating a basic line which could be adapted for clean office work as well as for greasy plant work. She hit on the wing motif as an appropriate flexible symbol, incorporated it into all the garments. The curved wing line is seen on the apron and overall bibs, the waistlines and pockets of the work clothes on preceding pages. It is repeated on pockets and waist of office dress below. All garments also have insignia to designate which division a girl works in, chevrons to show length of service, sturdy tabs for pinning on heavy identification badges. Although adoption of the clothes is optional, immediate demand for them exceeded ready supply.



Figure flattering is this simple, buttoned-down-front dress because it is cut to fit without sacrificing comfort. Neckline is adjustable. The pockets are roomy and well placed. Frances Gifford has flowers pinned to tab intended for identification badge.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN *medium* bomber!

There's nothing "medium" about our American medium bombers but their size. For example, the Vega Ventura can bomb accurately from high-level flight—swoop down on its target for low fast attack—strafe troop concentrations—blast tanks—tow gliders loaded with men and supplies, and tow high speed targets for our fighters to practice on—a combination of tasks no other medium bomber can do.

Then, too, the Ventura patrols thousands of miles of cold gray ocean to drop depth charges when it finds a sub—carries torpedoes to attack enemy ships—plants mines to trap them. What do you mean, "medium" bomber!

The Ventura has the same basic qualities of *all* Lockheed and Vega planes, *extra* strength, *extra* dependability. That's why the Canadian, British, Australian, and U. S. Army and Navy Air Forces are all using Venturas—lots of them.

A subsidiary of Lockheed

Vega

Aircraft Corporation



Lockheed Hudson
Medium Bomber



Lockheed P-38
Lightning Fighter

ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL BY AIR



ITS COMING

Copyright, 1943, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation,
Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.
Members Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



Lovely Loretta Young who stars in Paramount's newest picture, "CHINA," the story of a brave woman in the Sino-Japanese war.

"A GIRL CAN DREAM, CAN'T SHE?" says *Loretta Young*

"Though our days are filled with war work, I think a girl can dream of the future... dream of the home she'll build... of finely linen and china and silverware she'll furnish it with.

"And I hope that every one of us is putting every penny she can into War Bonds. Not only to help our Government now but also to give us money, when the war is over, to buy all the lovely things every woman dreams of." Today, no one can buy such a gorgeous

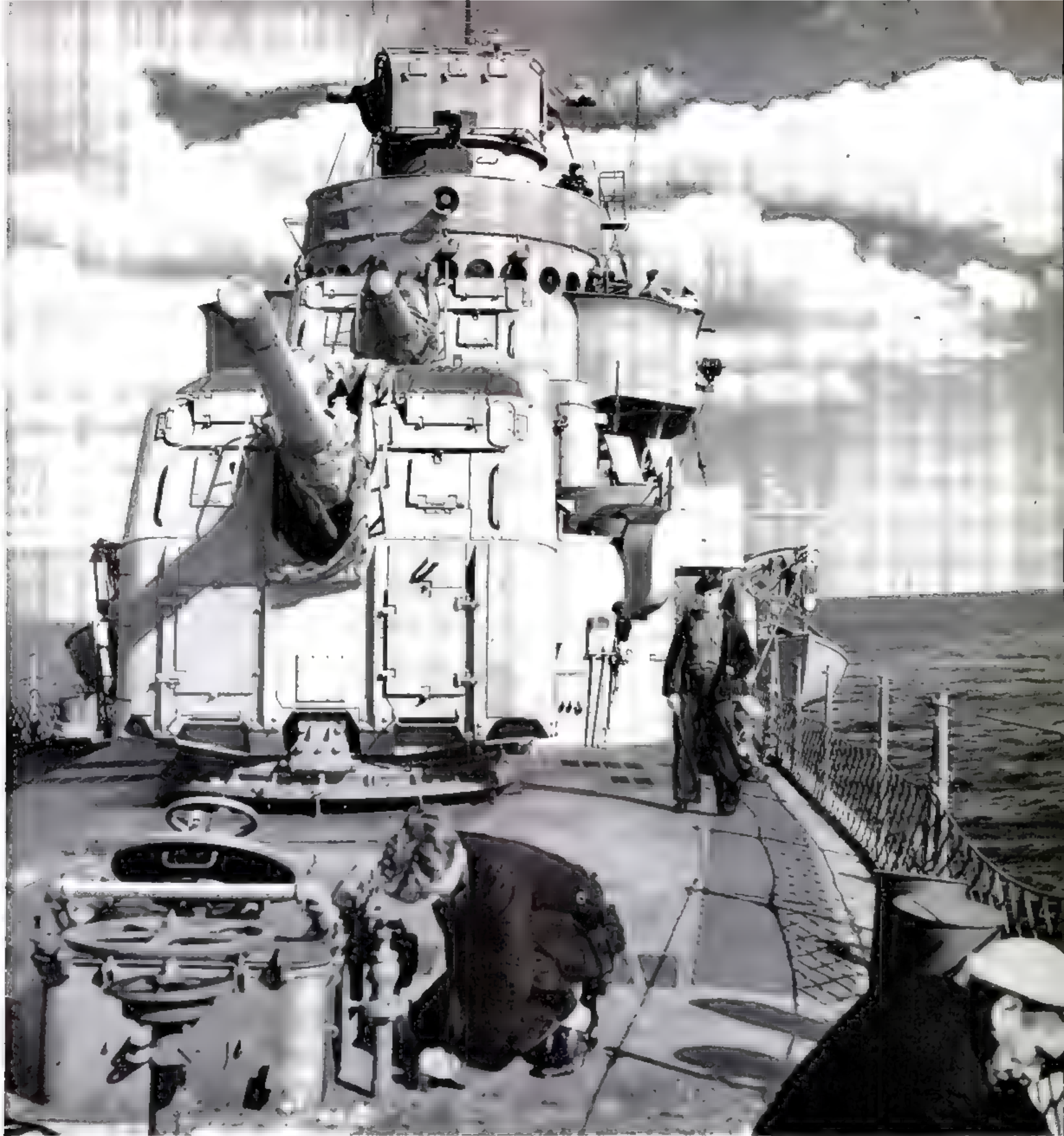
pattern of silverplate as "Eternally Yours," by 1847 Rogers Bros. The skill and craftsmanship that turned out this and other distinguished patterns are now turning out weapons of war.

But a day will come when you can again get the silverplate which has the deep etching and high ornamentation commonly seen only in sterling. Plan for that day. Buy War Bonds now. International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

America's Finest Silverplate...





SEAMAN SCRAPES THE DECK OF A NEW DESTROYER. OVERHEAD LOOM THE FIVE-INCH GUNS AND THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE

DESTROYER PICTURES SHOW CRUISE OF NEW U.S. "TIN CAN"

The task force moves big and gray and sinister across the ocean. In the center are the flat-topped carriers and the broad-beamed battleships with their 16 in. guns. Ahead and astern are the cruisers, smaller than the battleships but packing plenty of power. Still further out, on the flanks, up front and behind, are the whippers of the Fleet—the fast little destroyers, known to their crews as "tin cans."

Modern destroyers have four main functions: They screen the bigger ships against enemy torpedo attack. They attack the enemy's battleships and cruisers with torpedoes. They protect convoys against U-boat attack. They throw up an anti-aircraft screen to protect Fleet against enemy bombers and torpedo planes.

Destroyers are sailors' ships. Within their thin-skinned hulls are the most concentrated power plants, producing high speeds. With their throbbing engines, torpedo tubes, 5-in. guns and bristling A-A fire, they have individual personalities of their own—with all the quirks and eccentricities of race horses.

The pictures on these pages show one of the first cruises of a new destroyer.



TORPEDO TUBES ARE SWUNG OUT, ready for action. If a battleship were to attack the destroyers' convoy, the destroyers would race ahead, dash within range, fire torpedoes point-blank. They would risk almost certain destruction to get the battleship. Below, green water over plunging, rolling bow.



CREW GETS USED TO

Any sailor who has served aboard a destroyer remembers one thing above all else: its motion on a rough day. Some compare it to a roller coaster, others to a ride on a sway-back mule, or to the hip movements of a Morogri with a basket on her head. On this cruise the weather was mild, with only a few days of fairly rough water. The officers and men gradually began to make friends with their ship, to know how it acted at top speed, how it behaved in a seaway, whether its AA guns heated up, how close its 5-in. gunfire could come to a towed target.

Destroyers are the first love of every sailor and officer in the Navy.



SAILOR MAKES HIS WAY ALONG BLUSTERY MAIN DECK.

THE SHIP'S MOTION

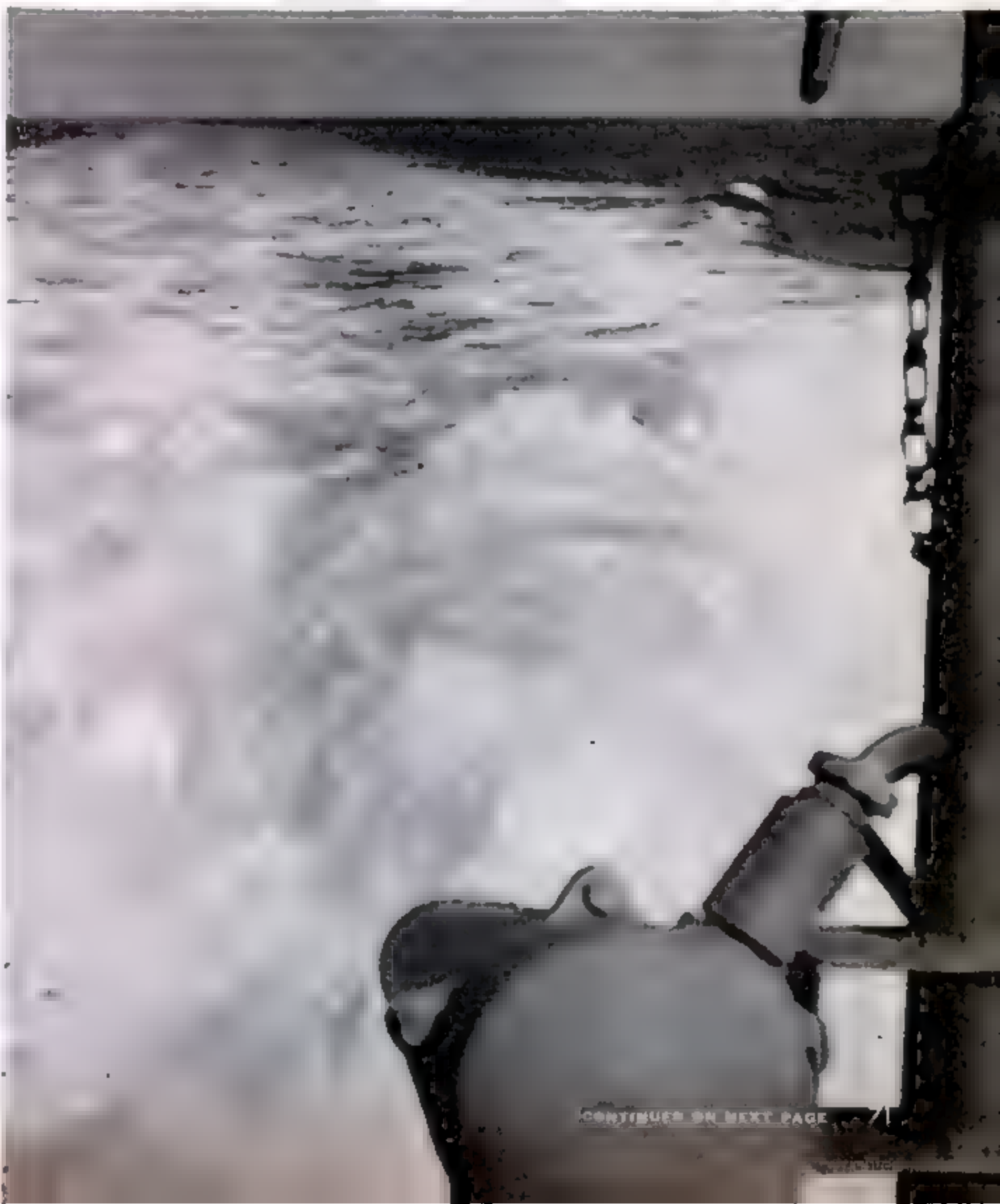
This has been true ever since the end of the last century, when the destroyer was invented as a "torpedo-boat destroyer." The small torpedo boat with its maneuverability and speed had become a menace to all the ships of the fleet, and the destroyer was designed to sink them. It did the job competently, then perversely adopted torpedo tubes of its own. Gradually since then it has been growing in size, becoming a small cruiser. Destroyers of World War I were unarmored 1,200-ton ships. New U. S. destroyers like this one of the *Bristol* class, are 1,700 tonners, while even newer ships of the *Fletcher* class are 2,100 tonners.



SOMETIMES WAVES BREAK OVER CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE



20-MM. OERLIKON GUN is manned by its five-man gun crew. Tube shown at right is where extra gun barrel is kept, for use when the regular barrel gets too hot. Below, the ship's wake at speed of 30 knots is about a mile long. In heavy seas some destroyers roll as much as 45° from the vertical.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



EXECUTIVE OFFICER



SHIP'S ENGINEER OFFICER



SHIP'S FIRST LIEUTENANT



SHIP'S NAVIGATOR



ON THE CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE, a lieutenant commander, the ship's skipper, watches results of target practice through glasses. Near him is a commander, who is acting as observer. Other two officers are members of captain's staff. Instrument behind the captain is a pelorus.



THE CAPTAIN WORKS ON DISPATCHES, as he gets orders to rendezvous with sister destroyers at an American port. On desk is a picture of his wife and daughter. In combat zone, the porthole would be closed and captain would rarely leave the bridge, even for meals.



CAPTAIN HOLDS MAST for recalcitrant crew member. Penalty is 10 extra work hours. Crew members must be good sailors. There are more than 200 of them on this destroyer and their tight little community gives each one of them more responsibilities than on bigger ships.



CAPTAIN STOPS TO CHAT with one of his men while on an inspection tour of the deck. Destroyers are called the "Dang-ree Navy," because men eat, sleep and work in da-ga-rees, and the formal relationship between officers and men, noticeable on big ships, is lacking.



SHIP'S TORPEDO OFFICER



SHIP'S GUNNERY OFFICER



SHIP'S GUNNERY OFFICER



SHIP'S SECOND OFFICER



PAPER WORK IS DONE in the wardroom on table covered with the traditional green baize. Here decoding work is done, confidential publications and operations reports studied. In background are a ship's clock, electric fan and a dart game. Technical books are in bookcase.



SHIP'S COURSE IS PLOTTED by the executive officer. On bridge are sound gear, target-bearing repeaters, range indicators, the voice radio, engine-room telegraph and the signaling devices. In the chart room an electromechanical gadget traces dead reckoning course.



OFFICERS ARE WAITED ON by Negro mess boys in the wardroom. In a combat zone so many officers would probably never be dining together. At least a third of them would be on watch at any one time. In heavy seas, stanchions are provided for keeping balance while eating.



A GAME OF "TRIPOLEY," which is like Michigan rummy, is played in the wardroom after dinner by officers off watch. Most popular game is acey-deucey, though various dice games, played for candies or Coca-Colas, are always in progress. A phonograph is usually kept blaring.

CREW'S DAYS ARE LONG

Through the days and nights of war U. S. destroyers are on duty in every ocean of the world. They operate with the task forces of the Pacific, convoy the lumbering freighters to England and Africa, stand guard off Guadalcanal, Hawaii, the Panama canal, Casablanca and Londonderry.

For the men of the destroyers the days and nights are long and filled with hard work and danger. Seldom do they take their clothes off at night. Their watches at the guns are long and lonely. In their ears always echoes the loud vibration of the engines. Constipation and seasickness are occupational diseases. Mail from home comes all too seldom and sometimes, for both officers and crew, there is dull boredom on the long cruises.

But in living comfort new U. S. destroyers, like this one, are a great improvement over the old ones. Both the "deck gang" and the "black gang" (engineers) eat and mess in light, airy compartments, though there is still not much room to move around in (*right*). Each man has his own clothing locker, and there are showers with hot and cold running fresh water, tiers of washbasins, a regular laundry and resplendent galley ranges.

Pride of every destroyer man, however, is his ship's engines. They develop steam superheated to 725° and convert more than 100,000 lb. of water into steam every hour. This steam, translated through turbines into kinetic energy, makes the ship capable of 37 knots. Traveling at this speed, even though they may be rolling like a buggy on a washboard road, the destroyer men consider their ship a better fighting machine than any ship afloat.



BOATSWAIN PIPES GENERAL QUARTERS with whistle over the ship's amplifying system. Loudspeakers echo verbal order: "All hands, man your battle stations." Order is obeyed instantly.



IN A GOLD DAWN, a 5-in. gun crew shivers and looks out over ocean. In wartime some turrets and several AA guns

are manned all night. This requirement for gun watches 24 hours a day makes it necessary to overman destroyers during

wartime. The normal peacetime complement is 200; wartime, more than 250 men. Result is crowded conditions at right.



DESTROYER MEN "SHOOT THE BREEZE"
IN CREW'S CROWDED AFTER QUARTERS

CLOSE-UP



"I, VERONICA LAKE..."

CONSTANCE OCKELMAN, LATE OF BROOKLYN, TELLS HOW SHE BECAME HOLLYWOOD'S CYCLOPS CINDERELLA

by VERONICA LAKE as told to NIVEN BUSCH

To me California is just another place to live and that's the way I thought about it then that summer when we lived on Oakhurst Drive in Beverly. We'd come out for the same reasons we'd gone everywhere—to be in a new place and for my stepfather's health. We didn't know anybody. My cousin Helen Nelson had come out with us. She was 14 and we were pals. We'd have a soda somewhere or walk along in the sunshine and perhaps some fellow would try to flirt with me and I'd encourage him and then upstage him. I'd say something cool and devastating to Helen so he could hear it, like "How do you like that?"

That was the way it went. It was dullish. For something to do I started going to the Bliss Hayden Acting School on Wilshire Boulevard and met some kids that worked extra. So I worked extra too and got an agent, the William Morris office. I was getting interested. I was almost in something, a part of something going on and people doing things. It had never happened to me before.

That's why I felt terrible about the test. My agent told me Paramount had talked about someone like Rita Hayworth for the part and then decided they could take a chance on an unknown. It was *I Wanted Wings*, directed by Mitch Leisen. I wore my hair long and when the studio hairdressing department made me up before the test it didn't seem to me they did it right. It kept falling over my right eye and I kept pushing it back. I got terribly nervous. Finally when I did that drunk scene it fell over my eye and stayed there and I thought I was a cooked goose. I went home and cried. I didn't want to talk about it. My hair would have to go wrong. You know. I would have to louse things up.

It's funny to think about what happened. An

It is almost two years since Veronica Lake first flashed on a movie screen, with her long blonde hair falling over one eye. In that moment a great new movie personality was born. Not until sometime later did Hollywood perceive that Veronica Lake was something more than a pretty girl with a lucky trademark. Then it made a second discovery: she could act. Now Miss Lake is recognized not merely as a pin-up star but as an actress whose talent seems to grow through every picture.

Thus Hollywood knows 1) the personality and 2) the actress. But Hollywood does not yet know the person behind all the fuss: the little girl from Brooklyn who turned herself into the screen's most glamorous star. In this article Veronica Lake pulls the beautiful hair out of her eyes and rediscovers who she really is.

awful lot can happen to a person in two years and it really happened, brother, almost two years to the day since *I Wanted Wings* was released.

Partly it was the hair and partly the beaded dress they poured me into—it was cut down to here. And partly it was the swell job Johnny Engstead did posing me, and Kenny Lobbin who took the stills. A beaded dress is Formula A for that kind of stuff and the swell art made it come out A-plus.

Up to that time I'd been called Constance Keane. That wasn't my real name, either, so it was easy to get used to having a name that wasn't mine and had a better sound. The Veronica was supposed to stand for what was classic in my features and the Lake was supposed to suggest the coolness that you got when you looked at them.

So things got put together. I went down the assembly line. Dressed by Edith Head. Faced by Wally Westmore. Singing voice dubbed by Martha Mears. None of that might have mattered but inside my brain something happened too. When the rest was put together and the hair was over one eye I became someone else. I can't explain. I had created a character more real than the other

characters I had so often imagined for myself. I had become an authoress and actress at the same time.

I'm not saying I'm something interesting like a split personality, schizo-whatever-it-is. I'm not trying to take credit as the author of the character of Veronica Lake.

But I tried to help. I saw what they were getting at.

I know what happened. I had become a footnote to Topic A. You know the line in *The Palm Beach Story* where Joel McCrea tells Mary Astor, "All you think about is Topic A" and she says "What else is there?" I don't

mean that from me, it's the character saying it. But if any actress gets connected in a quotable or cartoonable way—as a label—with Topic A, meaning sex, everything happens. Mae West did it with the shape and come-up-and-see-me-sometime and Dottie Lamour's sarong was Topic A and Jean Harlow's platinum-colored hair. Only a few months after *Wings* beauty operators all over the country were advertising the Veronica Lake hairdress and a brush company was selling the kind of brush I used. One of their salesmen came around and I bought that kind of brush when he showed me the ad, proving I used it. I didn't crack.

In New York last summer I encountered a big blonde. She was about 5 ft. 8 in. and really had a build. She had the hair over one eye and the big lips. She was standing in a theater lobby waiting for her boy friend, and as I went past she gave me the oh-you-poor-thing look. I never wear my one-eyed hair-do or make-up except when I'm working. I look mousy. But when I looked at that blonde I said to myself, "Sister, I know who you are. You're Veronica Lake Jr."

So the ads and the stills and the beauty parlors. And the Harvard *Lampoon* voting me the worst

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



At 4, Connie Ockelman had much trouble keeping her blonde hair from falling over her eyes.



At 7, Connie lived with parents on Lefferts Avenue, Brooklyn. Her father was a seaman.



At 14, Connie demurely wears the enveloping uniform of Villa Maria Convent in Montreal.



At 16, Connie has removed her convent robes and is voted Miss Florida in a Miami beauty contest.

New Curity HANDI-TAPE with SULFATHIAZOLE

brings you new protection for home first aid

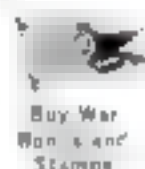


A new standard in home first aid protection comes to you now in Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE. The same SULFA-compound used by the Army to fight battlefield infection helps you now to fight possible infection of the minor cuts, blisters, and abrasions that occur in your own home.

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edges... the firm, lasting grip... and now, added to these is the modern protection of SULFATHIAZOLE in the identifying yellow gauze pad.

Don't be content with ordinary bandages when you can have the extra protection of Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE. Buy the easily identified yellow and blue package at your drug-store today.



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... beauties are talented as well. And below the surface beauty of HARVEL is a time piece of notable accuracy and dependability.

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I, VERONICA LAKE (continued)

actress of 1941—a good-luck omen, if there ever was one. And the studio paying people to think up names for me like Cyclops Cinderella and Lastex Lorelei and calling my hair the Detour Coiffure and the Peeping Pompadour. Radio comics helped with cracks like “Veronica Lake hash, made with one-eyed potatoes.”

Sure, I had some personal life. I married John Detlie and had a baby. My husband went in the Army. He's a major in the camouflage department, stationed in Seattle with the District Engineer's office. That life is important to me but when reporters ask me about it I know they're just being polite. I, personally, have no existence for them. My real life, the only one that other people believe in, is the life of the Veronica Lake character.

That's why I say I'm an impostor. You'll see why in a minute.

The shape is my own. I suppose it has advantages. But on the screen I wear lifts and with one thing and another I look halfway tall and slender and not like a pygmy. My real height is 5 ft. 2 in., and I weigh 98 lb. Preston Sturges, who wrote and directed *Sullivan's Travels*, analyzed my size for me. He says I belong to a separate race, the motion-picture race of Little People. Chaplin, Barthelmess, Doug Fairbanks Sr., and Janet Gaynor and Mary Pickford, to name great ones, belonged to this race of Sturges'. He says such people are different in life. Whatever qualities they have are not perceptible. On the stage they would be lost. But filtered through the camera they pick up what it is that makes them people. Then the women become alluring and the men tremendous heroes, passing through the lens into the world where they really belong.

So I'm one of those. I'll take it.

Having or being an imaginary character is nothing new to me. I always liked to dream up people for myself to be, even in my youngest days. To this day I can go off in the country and solve all my problems because my mind is free and clear. I suppose I was what you would call an introvert. I don't mean I did all my dreaming in the woods. I could make up a character out of anything. If I was in a city on a street and saw a woman get into her car, I was the one who settled on the wonderful soft cushions inside and who said that mysterious word to the chauffeur. All I had to see was an ad, say, for a suitcase called the Monte Carlo suitcase or the Paris valise and I had the suitcase packed and I was getting off a steamship at Paris or Monte Carlo, probably a duchess. Or an actress. That's a funny part of it, I was an actress, too.

I was the Woman in White. You know. I think I dreamed of being a doctor more than anything else. Hochstader-Rolfe, the Viennese specialist, would straighten up, looking terrified.

“It's compound paroid-trophantis. Cable Dr. Constance Keane.”

“She happens to be in the city, Doctor. I saw something in the paper...”

The nurse ties the tunic over my gorgeous evening gown. I have hurried from the theater, you see. I hear one of the nurses whisper, “Now we have a chance...”

I walk over to the operating table...

The truth about my family

There was a death and a bad illness in my family. Our whole lives were conditioned by those two things—the death and the illness. Maybe that's why I wanted to be a doctor because doctors were supposed to be able to cure illnesses and stop death.

This is the first time I've told the truth about my family. My mother, Veronica Trimble, married at 17. Her parents were Irish immigrant people. My father's people were German and Danish. His name was Harry Ockelman. He was a seaman working on tankers operated by the Sun Oil Company. He had just got his master's papers when his ship blew up in drydock at Philadelphia and he was killed. I was 8 years old at the time and we were living in Brooklyn, N.Y. where I had been born.

That was the death I mentioned. The illness was that of my stepfather, Anthony Keane. He was a staff artist with the New York *Herald Tribune* when my mother married him. That was about a year after my father's death. Shortly after their marriage my stepfather's lungs broke down and we moved to Saranac. After that my life suddenly became no life and it was hush, hush all over the place.

You might think there was nothing discreditable in any of this to anybody. Now I know there wasn't. When I was little I suppose I knew it too, but at the same time I felt there was something to hide. My stepfather was always sweet to me but that wasn't it. It was the hush, hush, as I say.

It was supposed to be a disgrace to have a stepfather. It was supposed to be a disgrace to have been cured of t.b. at Saranac. I told lies about all that. In the first place, I always said he was my real father and my name was Constance Keane instead of Constance Ockelman.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

***New Moisture-Protecting
agent developed by U. S.
Dept. of Agriculture!**

**We call it
APPLE "HONEY"**

Every smoker wants a fresh cigarette. An apple concentrate has been developed that protects the freshness and flavor of fine tobaccos. Read about it . . .

Guards Moisture!



We now use this mellow, golden nectar—which we call apple "honey"—to safeguard the precious moisture of our choice tobaccos.

Protects Flavor, too!



The Old Gold blend is bathed in mellow apple "honey." You get the same fine tobaccos, the same delicious taste—but now freshness and flavor are guarded by apple "honey."

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"Take it from the Old Red Head . . . you'll like Old Gold freshness a lot! Test it yourself! Light up an Old Gold—take a good drag...ahhhhhh!"

★ ★ ★

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SAME FINE TOBACCOS—INCLUDING LATAKIA

TASTE
THE DIFFERENCE
TONIGHT!



FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE
TOMORROW!

"HERE'S HOW I DID," says FULTON LEWIS, JR., WOL—
Mutual Washington Correspondent.



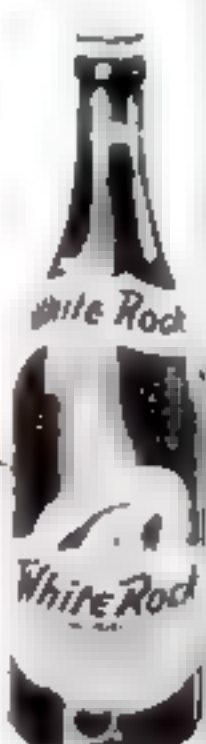
Mr. Lewis
always insists
on White
Rock...claims
it makes his
highball taste
better...helps
keep him feel-
ing fit next day. White
Rock is mineral water,
SUPER-CHARGED, with
a sparkle that stays to
the end of your drink.



He takes a glass of plain,
sparkling White Rock
before going to bed and
again in the morning for
good health's sake...you
see, White Rock is bene-
ficial, more healthful...on
the alkaline side.



The beneficial
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combat acidi-
ty, help keep
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A one-eyed hair-do, Miss Lake confesses, is better suited to sheep dogs than to working girls. She seldom wore it off location, and has given it up for the duration by request.

I, VERONICA LAKE (continued)

Such lies might seem tiny now, but they were big then. They were at the bottom of everything. For two years in interviews, for instance, I've been saying my name was Constance Keane. It's an awful thing to have to live for so long with everything not being real. When you start out at 8 doing that, it's awfully hard to back down.

I never finished school because I didn't get on in school and I was always being shifted when we moved and going from one school to the other.

I don't remember much about that place on Lefferts Avenue, Brooklyn. It was on a court in a fair neighborhood and had a long hall and a tiny kitchen. I was very small then, as I say. At Saranac the house had terraces and I had a rock garden. The kids played up and down the streets of small-town houses and neighbors all had different kinds of whistles, each one for its own particular kid and the kid knew his or her whistle by the tone. When it was getting time for supper you'd hear all the different whistles blowing from the houses.

I never liked to play with girls. They used to make me mad with their backbiting and what have you. You know how they are. "So all right, if that's the way you feel about it I won't speak to you again for two weeks." "Well, I don't care if you never speak to me again, because I won't ever speak to you again. Ever, never. Mmmnaa, mmmnaa, mmmnaa." With a boy if you had a fight you hit him on the jaw or he hit you on the jaw and next day you shook hands and forgot about it. I could hit a little. I have always been quite wiry.

For Christmas I never asked for dolls. Once I asked for a fire engine and once for boxing gloves. My mother tried to teach me girl accomplishments of course, but I was never good at them. She taught me to wash my own personal things and I was supposed to mend them. Once she found a sock that had a great big hole in it I hadn't mended. I still get a laugh, thinking of the way I gave it back to her. I had mended it by sticking adhesive tape over the hole.

I had my first crush on a boy at Saranac. He was Type A for a first crush, the older brother of a girl friend of mine. We were 14 and he was 18 and he had dark, wavy hair and a beautiful Chris-Craft. He would have no part of me. One day he was bringing in the Chris-Craft and we were swimming at the pier. You know those rubber bathing suits they wore then? That day my halter would have to break while I was in the water—and the squealing that went on



of the War Manpower Commission. The Commission feared that would-be Veronica Lakes in war plants would endanger themselves by working half-blind near machinery.

when the other girls found out. Finally someone swam out and brought me a bath towel. Of all the things. He ignored me till the last summer I was there but by the time he was ready to give me a tumble, I wasn't interested.

When we took trips to Miami I went to school down there. I laid it on thick with a French and British accent and when I went to the Sisters of the Congregation Notre Dame in Montreal I was oh so Southern. Always to be different. At the Sisters we put on our veils in Church and the rest of the time we carried them in those veil bags that fitted in our wide sleeves. I was always hiding the extra sandwich or piece of cake in the veil bag and I was the one that climbed over the wall when we wanted something from outside.

I was terrifically mature

I had just turned 18 that last year in Miami. It was fun. I liked the races out at Hialeah and the *jai alai* games and those Florida nights, warm and black. The kids would go to dances in their little hopped-up cars and there was the beach and sometimes spearing off Minsky's pier. I used to wear high heels and load on the make-up just as we were not allowed to at the convent. I was terrifically mature. Saturdays we went and yelled like crazy at the football games. When it got hot that year my family put our furniture in storage and drove out to the Coast to see what it was like.

As I've said, I was an introvert and I had a dull life. It was extremely dull until I became an actress. In Hollywood I lied like mad to make my early life seem more entertaining. After all, I was an actress. That was a fact and no arguments about it, or are there? Anyway, I found people believed things temporarily about me that they wouldn't have believed in other circumstances. I say temporarily because I was continually falling on my face.

It's easy for me to pick up a patter of any kind. I am what is known as a quick study. I learn my lines that way—five or ten minutes before the take, while the crew is setting up. That may sound slovenly and it would be a sacrilege to a stage actress, as well as an impossibility. Just the same, most directors want me to do it that way. If I study in advance I'm stiff and give an awful reading. Preston Sturges found that out in *Sullivan's Travels*.

"Don't ever walk on my set knowing anything about your scenes," he said. And so I never did.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

IT'S COOL
INSIDE...

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Life's a breeze... in
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cooling air to work miracles-in
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Avoid waste. Due to war shortages, there is now less Aqua Velva—and nothing can quite take its place. Please use it carefully, so that you will be able to enjoy it every day without interruption.



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I, VERONICA LAKE (continued)

This is the kind of silly thing I used to do. If I heard people talking about art, say, I'd listen closely. Then the next time the conversation came up, I'd be a ready-made authority on art for conversational purposes. Then I'd hear myself saying, to my own amazement, that I had collected one or two fair things, among them an original Rembrandt, and why didn't the person I was talking to drop in some time and see them? So when I'd say that, I'd go on my face. I mean this person turned out to be the famous art critic the party was being given for. Or he turned out to be Rembrandt.

Maybe I'd tell someone what a pilot I was with 1,300 flying hours and I didn't sell it, or the subject got around to trips to Europe and I told about my eight trips with details from somebody's patter, and someone heard me who had really been there so he'd turn around and say, "In England where did you land?" And I'd say, "Cherbourg." And he'd say, "Uh, huh." Something like that.

About French—I can talk and understand a little French from going to the convent. The way the matter of French came up was fairly funny. I was at lunch in the commissary and Preston Sturges was talking to a friend of his who spoke the language fluently. Occasionally I heard my name mentioned and realized that he was outlining some theory relating to me. From here and there and from a stolen glance at the sketches which Preston was making and partially hiding behind a catsup bottle and a salt cellar (see diagram below), I couldn't help catching the gist of the conversation. Sturges was explaining that much of a woman's attractiveness in a bathing suit or a close-fitting gown comes from the shape of her hip line. Two French phrases kept cropping up—*derrière en pomme* and *derrière en poire*.

Since by speaking another language the gentlemen had indicated that they didn't mean to include me in the conversation, I would have been rude indeed if I had not pretended that I couldn't understand a word of it.

A few days later on the set I happened to stumble. I couldn't help saying in my halting French, "That time I nearly landed on my *derrière en poire*."

Problems of my French accent

So that was a score. Preston got a boot out of it. Naturally, not wanting to be left with it, he waited for a chance to bounce it and he got one when Rene Clair, a Frenchman, was directing me in *I Married a Witch*.

"Why don't you speak French with Veronica," Sturges said to Clair. "She speaks beautifully." Clair was delighted. On the set he cut loose at me, saying in French he had no idea I could speak French and we'd talk it from there in.

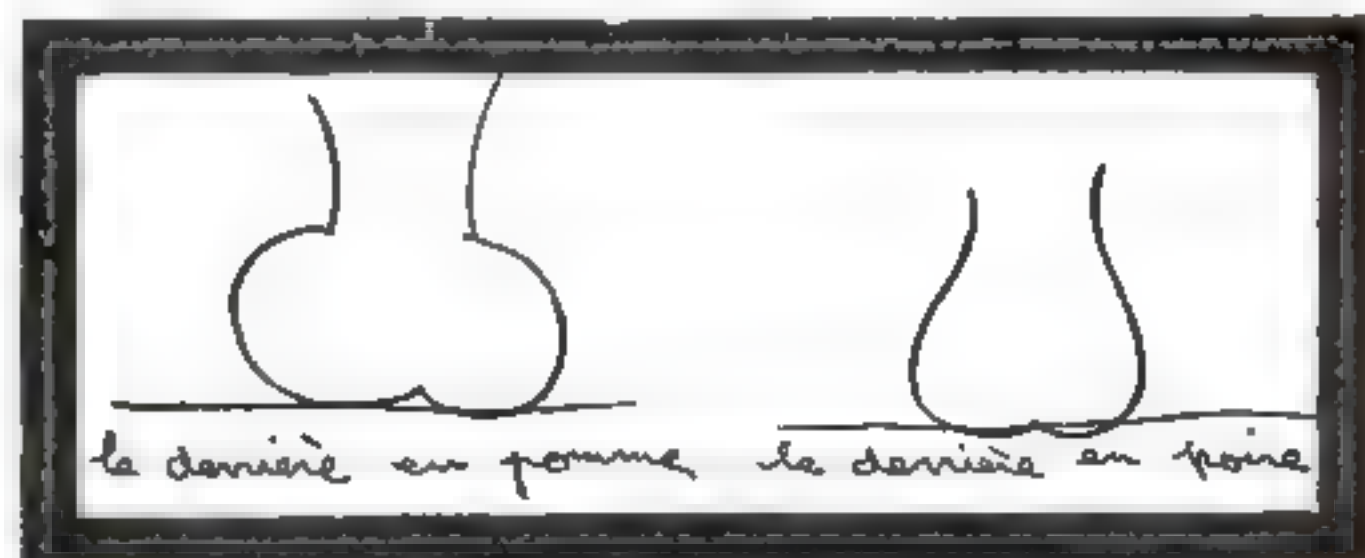
I said in English, "Please don't. Don't talk French."

Clair looked amazed. He asked why not. "Because," I said, thinking fast, "for years I had such a thick French accent it was a dreadful handicap. Now that I've cured myself I hate to speak a word. I'm terrified it will come back."

How do you like that?

One of my other fabrications when I first came to the studio was that I'd studied medicine at McGill University. That was included in all my press biographies. For some reason or other this weighed on my conscience. Later, in Montreal, I went to the president of McGill and apologized. He was amused and slightly uncomprehending until I explained my habit of dramatizing myself.

I had read a lot of fan magazines and was fascinated by the material therein. I believed it, but I felt a person who was being interviewed was expected to make himself interesting in this manner. So I invented. I got my copy from the memories of the magazines and Sunday supplements I had read. If I was in one mood, I came from an aristocratic background, Southern mansion and old family servants and so forth. For that I used my Miami accent. Or if it was a bad day or I was feeling tough, I'd tell how I'd fought my way up from the bottom. I embroidered this material with beautiful fables. If I could



Diagrams by Preston Sturges illustrate basic patterns of female dorsal-lumbar structure. He attributes part of Miss Lake's success to her congruency with design at right.



Veronica and husband, John DeLue, were married September 1940. At that time DeLue was an art director at M-G-M. He is now an Army camouflage expert and a major.

break up an old-school interviewer with a tale like that my day was complete.

The studio recognized the danger and stopped all interviews. But I didn't mind. I was having enough trouble with the affairs of my principal imaginary character—that certain Miss Lake.

One thing I was factual about was my acting experience. I used cockiness to cover up how scared I was. When I went on the set of *Wings* I knew my cockiness offended people, yet I had to be cocky. It was the only way I could get by.

If I live to be a thousand I hope I never have to do a thing as hard as that café scene. It was a big set and half the people on it were kids I'd worked extra with or known around. They sat there as if to say I dare you to do it, you little punk, and God help you if you don't. I had to get over that complex and do the scene so I was cocky and that's all there was to it. I did it.

I suppose I was defensive with everyone and hard to know. When I got through a take I'd go to my dressing room and wait until they called me, or I'd sit on the set a little to one side, not talking much. That, combined with my cockiness, put people against me. I could feel it but I didn't know how I could help it.

How I punched Brian Donlevy

Take Brian Donlevy. It wasn't a question of whether he liked me or not. I was pretty sure he didn't. I'd played with him in *Wings* and there I was again playing with him in *The Glass Key*. In the first scene of the picture we were introduced and the action called for me to hit him on the jaw. Well, I really hit him. I've said I could punch and that time I did. You know Donlevy—how he's built. He must weigh 200 and he's not over 5 ft. 8½ in. But he just stood there and took it. He didn't expect my punch would be anything so he didn't roll with it or anything. I saw his eyes glaze and I knew I'd really hit him. Right away I began to cry. I was terrified. As Donlevy's sense came back I saw what he was going to do. He has an actor's face, you can see what he's thinking. He wanted to kill me.

"What's the matter?" he said, hardly opening his mouth.

"I don't know how to pull a punch," I said.

"I'll give you till the next take to learn," he said.

I learned. Donlevy told me afterward that for a beat or two there never was a girl who came nearer being thrown in a duck pond. It so happened there was a duck pond on the set.

Donlevy helped me a lot. Other men to whom I owe a lot are Fredric March, Sturges, Arthur Hornblow Jr. and Rene Clair. Clair is slender and seems high strung. He's known for shooting less film than any other Hollywood director. He doesn't try for the impossible. Once I asked him why he was so sweet to me and he said that he had to be. Actresses, he said, are like animals. If you shout at them they get confused, and you can't do anything. "I say 'Darling,'" he explained, "that's wonderful but do you mind doing it just a little more this way?" And under my breath I say to myself, "All right for you, you so-and-so actresses."

Rene Clair believes that if I work hard for four or five years I may become an actress.

Arthur Hornblow was responsible for starting me. As producer of *Wings* he was the one who okayed the test. He saw a showmanship angle in the one-eyed hair. He made up my name and picked a wardrobe. Special stills were released. He is certainly co-author of the character I am.

Preston Sturges kept me from being typed. He was starting *Sullivan's Travels* just as I got through with *Wings*.

Preston didn't know if I could play comedy. He decided to test

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"WANTA CLEAN UP QUICK?"

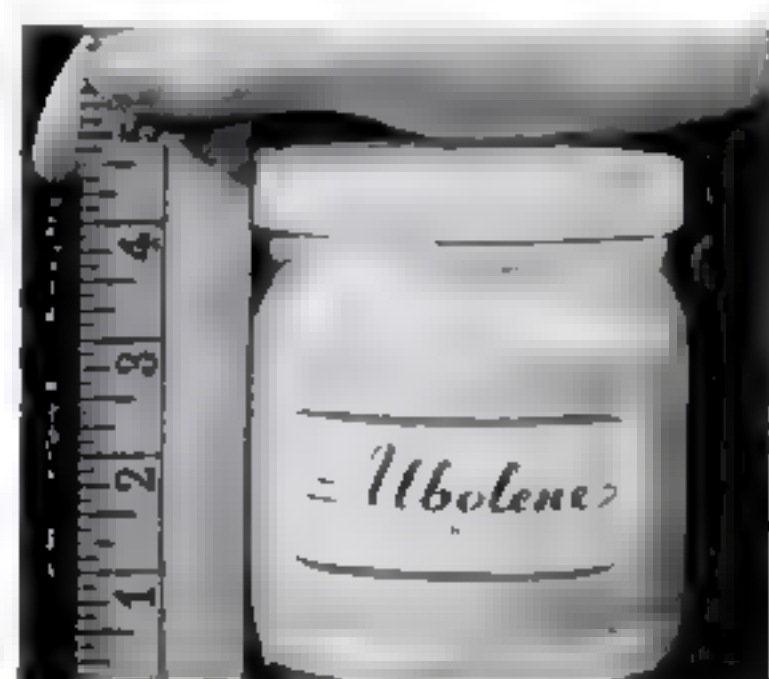
A tip from glamorous FRANCES McCANN of the musical show "Rosalinda" on how to save your skin, and money too.



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the bottle, Mother!

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B. L. P., Fort Worth, Tex.)



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(from a letter by J. W. D. Rock Rapids, Ia.)

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be more Delsey
Toilet Paper
after the war

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I, VERONICA LAKE (continued)

me. Most everybody thought he was foolish. The belief was that if I played sweet roles I would curdle the camera.

So he tested me. Was I glad to get that part? I certainly was. The more variety they throw at me the better I like it. I never want to be typed. This way it looked as if I wouldn't be.

I hadn't been married very long. At that time John Delle was an art director at M-G-M, a job he left to go in the Army. We had met in a romantic way. In some ways, as you can see, I'm romantic also. In some ways, I'm matter of fact. John, on the other hand, is thoroughly romantic. I think that's wonderful. It helps to keep it alive. That was in March of '40. I began getting flowers from John. They came every day. There was no card or anything. The flowers were always different. He went in for variety. They'd been coming for about a month when one day he called up. He'd got my number from someone at the studio. He wanted me to have lunch with him, so finally we had lunch. It was at the Derby, the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills. From that time on I didn't go out with anybody else. In September of '40 we eloped. I was on location at March Field at the time of the elopement and we made a date to meet in Santa Ana at 9 p.m. The company shot late that day and I didn't get away till after 8. I got a Tanner Livery car and told the driver get me there as fast as you can and I'll pay all the fines. It's 70-some miles from Riverside to Santa Ana and we made it in just over an hour.

The elopement seemed terrifically necessary at the time. Naturally, it wasn't. It was part of the hush, hush business I'd had in mind since childhood. Nothing personal about me must ever be admitted to or made public, not even marriage. Also, perhaps there was the thought that if you ask 150 people to your house and then change your mind you can't very well back out. I didn't want to back out but I wanted to be sure that if I did get married I wouldn't be going through with it for social reasons. As soon as we were married we said to heck with the hush-hush and when we got back to Los Angeles we gave out the news.

Racing the stork to finish a movie

We were married Sept. 25, 1940. *I Wanted Wings* finished Nov. 20. *Sullivan's Travels* started on May 12, 1941, and finished on July 21. My daughter, Elaine, was born on Aug. 21. In other words, my daughter was 30 days away when the last shot of *Sullivan* was in the can, or roughly, three and a half months away when we began.

I'd lied to get the part. There had been rumors in the columns that the stork was hovering. So I denied the rumors. If I hadn't I never would have gotten the part.

Still, I was scared. I had it on my conscience. I wanted to kid about it so it wouldn't seem so bad. Mrs. Sturges, who was also pregnant, was on the set and I sat down beside her and talked girl-talk. I dropped out casually, "Don't tell Preston, but I'm pregnant."

Mrs. Sturges looked at me and I knew I'd done it. Once in Miami I was earning Christmas money wrapping packages in the Red Cross department drugstore. I stuck my head over the balcony where we were working and one of the wooden electric fans hit me across the face. I felt something like that.

Mrs. Sturges said, "I won't tell him. But I'll give you two minutes to."

So I did. He was insanely angry but controlled himself as best he could. After talking to my doctor and telling the studio about it he decided to go ahead.

If any woman wants to act and have a baby at the same time I can give her a piece of advice. Get a part that calls for wearing tramp clothes. They're the perfect costume.

Of course, I did a few silly things. Toward the end everyone was treating me as if I were a piece of museum chinaware. When we did the swimming-pool stuff a double took the fall for me. That day when we knocked off for lunch Joel McCrea dived in the pool with his clothes on. The water looked wonderful so I took off. That's not the right way to behave when you're eight months pregnant. I was horrified when I realized what I'd done. I just forgot, that's all. Anyway, you never saw a healthier child than Elaine.

When war separates a man and wife, I guess the real home is wherever the baby is. Sometimes Elaine is up at Seattle and I am there too. Sometimes Clara, Elaine's big colored pal, is down here helping me look after her. I can't sleep with Elaine any more. She is big enough now to get her knees where they will do the most harm. I had to break an appointment with some photographers the other day to go downtown and buy her a baby bed. They are harder to get now than coffee. I bought the first one I saw and had them take it out and put it in my car. You can't take a chance on a thing like a bed in wartime.

I know every woman thinks her child is smart, so you don't mind



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 11



"air-spun" make-up

Smart New "Salon Shades"—"CASSIS" in Sub-Deb Lipstick—"CAFE CREME" in "Air-Spun" Powder

Compounded and Copyrighted by Doty, Inc. in U. S. A.



"But think what it's doing for your waistline," chuckled Elsie

"**WAISTLINE** be hanged!" roared Elmer, the bull. "You and your precious Victory Garden . . . bah! My back is killing me! I quit!"

"But you can't quit now," pleaded Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The country wants *everyone* who possibly can to raise vegetables this year. For when it comes to nourishment, vegetables are almost in a class with my creamy, wholesome *Borden's milk* and all the wonderful foods made from it."

"That's no reason for me to hoe this confounded garden," bellowed Elmer. "Why don't you tell people to eat milk, and cheese, and that kind of stuff, and stop harping on these blasted vegetables?"

"Elmer," sighed Elsie, "you know as well as I do that one quart of milk in every four now goes to our armed forces and our allies. That means shortages of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*, *Borden's Ice Cream*, *Borden's Evaporated Milk*, and *Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk*. But folks still need the marvelous food values that are in dairy products, and they can get most of them from vegetables grown in Victory Gardens."



"Fiddle-faddle," snapped Elmer. "Beans are beans and milk is milk. They have nothing in common."

"That just proves you don't know beans," quipped Elsie. "Vitamin B₁ (thiamin) is one of the most valuable food elements in milk. And lima beans are a grand source of Vitamin B₁. So are peas and kale."

"A fat lot of good that does," snorted Elmer. "No matter what I plant in this garden, nothing seems to grow but dandelions."



"Isn't that lucky," beamed Elsie. "Like dairy products, dandelion greens are a wonderful source of Vitamin A. But I do hope we have good luck with our carrots and tomatoes. They contain lots of Vitamin A, too."



"Vitamin A or Vitamin Z," grunted Elmer, "the fact remains that my back is just one long ache. I'm not

going to do a thing but lie down and stretch out."

"I'm glad you mentioned stretching out," smiled Elsie. "That's another good reason for planting a Victory Garden—it helps people stretch out the calcium and phosphorus so amply supplied by milk in normal times. For calcium, they can plant chard, cabbage, and turnip greens. And for phosphorus—corn and peas."



"What," sneered Elmer, "no whipped cream?"

"Goodness," laughed Elsie, "you can't have everything! But you can have Vitamin B₂ (riboflavin) and the vitamin niacin, two other good things found in dairy products. Spinach, kale, and beet greens are all



rich in Vitamin C, while carrots and potatoes are a source of niacin."

"Well, what do you know!" interrupted Elmer with a crafty gleam in his eyes. "Gosh, if vegetables are that good, I guess folks won't need milk at all."



"Good heavens, Elmer, you don't know what you're saying," gasped Elsie. "Milk is man's most nearly perfect food. It contains *all* the good things I've just mentioned and is Nature's closest approach to a balanced diet. Not only that, but most vegetables are skimpy on first-class protein, and milk is a splendid source of particularly fine proteins. What's more . . ."

"What's more," finished Elmer, trying to hide his delight at seeing Elsie a trifle upset, "milk has one advantage no vegetable ever grown could boast."

"What's that?" asked Elsie eagerly.

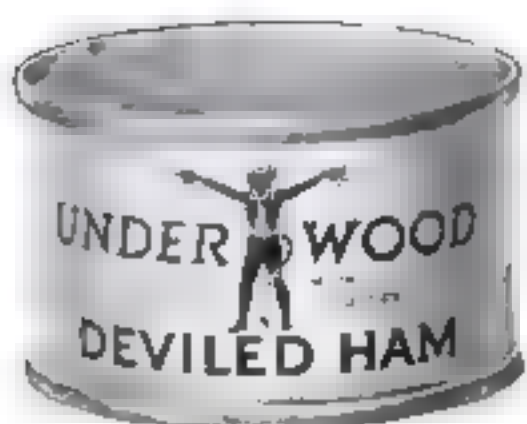
"You don't have to plant it," grinned Elmer, rubbing his back.



Elsie says:

"A grand way to get more food is to get out and dig for it. Plant a Victory Garden and take good care of it."

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I, VERONICA LAKE (continued)

my telling you how smart Elaine is. But, like me, she is stubborn. When she wants something she will come and give me that certain look and really go after it. Of course, I keep her in line. You have to with children; otherwise you spoil them. After they grow up you don't like the job you've done on them and they are a nuisance to you and everybody else. The main thing you want to do is help them avoid the kind of pressures that caused you grief growing up. If you are able to do that, you are lucky.

That's about all there is. I went on a bond tour last summer and it took a lot out of me, though I enjoyed it. In some ways it was the best part of my education for glamor, talking to people in factories and selling them bonds and handling different situations that came up. In New York I got one night off. I didn't even know anybody to call up. The night before it had taken a detail of police to get me through the crowd into a 45th Street theater. Now I was dying to go somewhere—and what to do? Nothing. So I called room service and ordered a big dish of strawberry ice cream and ate it and went to bed.

Sometimes I think I've been the author of a Frankenstein, the one with the hair-do. I can get appendicitis and be sick three weeks and then get the flu. But not her. She's indestructible. She can get up at 5 and check into make-up at 7 so that by 9 that 17-in. strand of her tow locks can be draped over the eye and her seductive lips put on straight. What a gall! Has she got any connection with me? I'm worried, she's relaxed, I'm rationed, she's sleek; I'm small and suspicious and unsure, and she's tall and poised and thoroughly experienced. The Army respects her, the Navy adores her, the Marines are nuts about her. No branch of the service recognizes me, in real life, from 2 ft. away.

I've been quite frank in saying that I've fabricated facts to make myself seem more interesting. Let me tell you, though, I've never got some unsuspecting stranger cornered and said, as I've wanted to sometimes, "Listen, do you know about me? I'm a motion-picture actress. Honest. My name isn't Constance Ockelman, it's Veronica Lake! I'm a well-known screen actress. You bet. I make a thousand bucks a week and speak French fluently. I don't like card playing or night life, but can cook and sew. I take a cold shower every morning, don't save clippings. I have no worries and wear my hair over one eye. Don't you recognize me, Buddy? Have you seen me at the Paramount?"

Some day I'll try that but I know what's going to happen. If it's a man I'm talking to, he'll bust out laughing in my face. If it's a woman she'll turn out to be Veronica Lake.



In her new picture, *So Proudly We Hail*, Miss Lake plays the part of an Army nurse on Bataan and Corregidor. Here, between scenes, she rests feet, shod in heavy G. I. clods.

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Life Comes Home from War with Dakota Boys

Soldiers back from fighting the Japs on Guadalcanal bring news of comrades who will never come back

The 164th Infantry Regiment landed on Guadalcanal in October. For four months it helped push the Japs back and off the island. When the victory was won, 143 of its men were wearing medals for bravery. Then the Regiment was relieved. Most of the men went to a nearby base to rest, but a few of those who were wounded or sick came home.

For the 164th, home means North Dakota. For North Dakota, the 164th, which was formerly a Nation-

al Guard regiment, means all kinds of things—pride, affection, sorrow. Mostly it means grim war. The Regiment lost heavily and the men who came back had the duty of telling sorrowing families how their sons, husbands, brothers had died. Quietly, trying to be as matter of fact as they could, they told what they knew and gave what comfort they could.

There was good news too and everybody wanted to hear everything. The soldiers made speeches to L.A.s

and ladies' clubs, sat up late telling friends what had happened, answering the questions of kids who tracked them down the streets. Some tried to recapture their old life, went vigorously about the job of having a good time. Black, chilly North Dakota looked much better to them than the beautiful lush Pacific island. And at home they could really make Guadalcanal dreams come true—the dreams about having breakfast in bed, about taking hot baths, about going out with girls.

JOE MOE OF TIOGA CHATS WITH A BUNCH OF NORWEGIAN FRIENDS AROUND A CUPIDOR IN TIOGA'S "MODEL INN," TELLS HOW HE WAS WOUNDED IN LANDING ON GUADALCANAL





The bearer of sad tidings, Archie Gaudreau of Williston tells Sgt. David Beard's family what he knew of David's death. He sat in the kitchen while Mrs. Beard pinned out some pieces of a patchwork quilt and asked questions. Mr. Beard, who is 76, stood in back alongside Archie's

sister-in-law and said nothing. David's brother, John, an essential farm worker, sat quietly by Archie and said that David had been wounded on Guadalcanal, died in hospital on the New Hebrides. Just knowing what really happened to her son brought a kind of comfort to Mrs. Beard.



Joe Moe shows his wounds to his mother and sister. First thing after greeting her son, Mrs. Moe winced to see his wounds and knew how bad they were. Joe was hit by bomb fragments in both knees. One piece of metal went right through the knee and came out the other side.



Archie Gaudreau compares uniforms with Joe Zavalney, who won a Purple Heart medal during the last war and wears it very proudly. The medal still looks fine but the old uniform is a little tight. Zavalney doesn't think Guadalcanal in 1942 was as bad as the Meuse-Argonne in 1918.



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The widow of Lieut. Ballard Albertson of Fargo stands sadly in front of an enlarged picture of husband, made up for war-fund exhibit. Mary Albertson met her husband while he was at camp in Georgia, was married a few months before he went off to war.



The mother of Warrant Officer Bernard Starkenberg of Fargo, sits alone with her grief. She had copies of her son's picture made and keeps a copy in every room in the house. Wistfully she hopes that spring and gardening will help her shake her sorrow.

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The SANDY A superbly simple spectator that adapts itself to all your summer clothes. Supple white suede for good looks, easy cleaning and stout service. Perforations for fresh interest.



Breakfast in bed was one of the rosy dreams Archie Gaudreau had on Guadalcanal where he got up at 5:30 daily except when he didn't get to sleep at all. His sister-in-law in Williston indulged him with tomato juice, peaches, eggs, toast and coffee



Playing with "Punky," his son, was fun for Staff Sgt. William Bachellor of Grand Forks. Punky learned to say "Daddy" while father was away. When Daddy got home, he insisted Punky was spoiled. So, for the first time in his life, Punky got spanked.

MY WIFE MAKES
THESE NEW
**DEHYDRATED
SOUPS** TASTE
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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

TAFT'S "T.R."

Sirs

Here is a picture of an old U. S. political team—Roosevelt and Taft. The Taft, of course, is Senator Robert. The Roosevelt is a little bit harder to identify as Horace Taft, the Senator's son, late President's grandson and student at his

late Great-Uncle Horace's Taft School.

"Ho" Taft is costumed for the role of Roosevelt in *Arsenic and Old Lace*. For father's edification he delivered with special vehemence the line, "Damn Taft, is he trying to move in before I move out?"

HENRY TAFT II
DAVE TAYLOR

Watertown, Conn.



TAGGED

Sirs


The Reception Center equivalent of "wet behind the ears" is illustrated in this picture taken by Corp. John Pagoria. The recruit, just off the clothing assem-

bly line, strides off to the barracks unconsciously and loudly advertising his status by the tags which festoon his blouse.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. ROMINGER
Scott Field, Ill



She's safer because of



SPARKLET *bulbs*

On transports and airplanes in many battle zones, soldiers, sailors and nurses are provided with pneumatic lifebelts or vests. Instantly, with a single motion, Sparklet Bulbs release enough gas into the lifebelt or vest to float a 200-pound person for hours.

They are the same little Sparklet Bulbs with the red band, once used to give life to home-mixed beverages. After the war, they will again be available for home enjoyment. Some dealers still have a few Sparklet Bulbs and Syphons on hand.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS

How soldiers guard against dry, Sun-parched Lips

To prevent cracked lips—for fast relief—use Fleet's Chap Stick. Gently medicated, it soothes smarting—helps heal cracked skin. Used by U.S. Forces in all climates. 25¢ at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.



YOU WON'T SPOIL YOUR WAVE

with MINIPOO

"THE DRY SHAMPOO EVERYBODY'S BUYING!"

- Cleans hair thoroughly in 10 minutes
- Easy to apply—pleasant to use
- Does not affect wave
- Ideal for the sickroom

NO SOAP. NO RINSING. NO DRYING.

30 SHAMPOOS INCLUDING MITTEN \$1.00

At Drug Dept. Stores or send direct to

ANNETTE JENNINGS, Inc.
441 Lexington Avenue • New York City



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

PLYMOUTH'S PRISCILLA

Sirs:

This is a picture of Priscilla Alden at Plymouth Rock. She is Priscilla the Tenth, and her line goes straight back through Ernest, Lyman Pliny, Pliny, Isaac, David, Eleazer, Joseph Jr., Joseph, to the original John who stepped ashore onto the Rock. Priscilla the Tenth teaches school at Lebanon, Ohio.

LENORE BALL RAGSDALE
Terre Haute, Ind.



TEXAS ICICLE

Sirs:

The formidable weapon held at "Port Arms" in the hands of my husband, Flight Officer Arthur S. Kotowski, is not a hitherto secret rifle, but an icicle. Like other things in Texas where this picture was taken, it is an outside model, which formed on the barracks eaves during the alternate freeze-and-thaw period not very long ago.

GRAYCE E. KOTOWSKI
Reading, Pa.



Don't Let Your Motor Turn into Junk..
when this Easy Step may SAVE it!

Find Out:

"How's Your Oil Filter?"

If it's "all gummed up," get a genuine Fram Replacement Cartridge to help prevent wear caused by wartime driving, and help save hard-to-get parts.

MAYBE you never gave much thought to oil filters before—but you'd better now if you want to keep your car on the road! Motor parts are hard to get. Today's short haul and slow-speed driving make sludge, acids, carbon, and water (caused by condensation) accumulate faster. And dirty, watery oil wears out parts, causes increased breakdowns, turns your motor into junk. If your motor is not filter equipped a Fram Oil & Motor Cleaner and more frequent changing of Genuine Fram Replacement



Cartridges — will prevent this unnecessary wear.

So drive in where you see the Fram Authorized Dealer Sign. Ask for a free test with the Fram Dipstick. It shows when your oil filter needs a new *chemically-treated* Fram Replacement Cartridge to keep oil visibly, physically, *chemically* clean. If your car has no oil filter, a complete Fram can be installed in a jiffy. See your Fram dealer today! Fram Corporation, Providence, R.I. Canadian Distributor: J. C. Adams Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.





"Eggs" Cost Money—especially these steel "eggs" that American boys are dropping so effectively on the enemy. We need thousands and thousands of them. We need planes too—and tanks, ships, artillery—and a lot of other things to win the war. And it takes money to buy them. That means that *all* of us must lend *our* money to do the job—by buying War Bonds and Stamps. It means we must donate our blood, do civilian defense work, send our scrap metal and rubber to war plants—and work *harder* at our jobs—whatever they may be. Millions and millions of Americans all working toward the same end will get results.

BOMBERS NEED BATTERIES

Your Willard dealer, by helping to make your automobile battery last longer, is saving critical materials needed for aircraft batteries and other "special purpose" batteries for our armed forces. See him regularly every month.

Willard "SAFETY-FILL" BATTERIES
-have the power to carry on!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY • Cleveland, Los Angeles, Dallas, Toronto

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

CRABS EXPLAINED

Sirs:

These pictures, which were taken in the Louisiana bayous (LIFE, May 10), are submitted in the public interest—to establish finally the difference between hard- and soft-shell crabs. As the pictures below clearly demonstrate, they are one and the

same crab. The first is the crab wearing an old and hard shell. The second is the crab after he has molted the hard shell and is engaged in developing a new one. As you can see, the crab extricates claws and feet from the old shell as neatly as a gourmet shells a lobster.

PETER STACKPOLE
New York, N. Y.



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You wouldn't enjoy a whiskey that Stings!

That's why Imperial is *"velveted"*

"Velveting" does away with sharpness and bite—gives IMPERIAL its gentle, delightful smoothness, its easy-to-take goodness. "Velveting" has made IMPERIAL one of the most-wanted whiskeys in all America, one of the most-talked-of whiskeys this country produces.

But like sugar and coffee, IMPERIAL is on quota—because our stills are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey.

And sometimes delivery is held up a day or so because shipments of war materials and food naturally come first.

So if your store or tavern sometimes cannot supply you with IMPERIAL, please be patient and remember there is a mighty good reason for it.

A blend. Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Copr. 1943, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.



A BLENDED WHISKEY

IMPERIAL The *"velveted"* whiskey

At a Marine training center, the Leather-necks climb on the "Alligator's" back for a practice ride with full equipment.

"ALLIGATORS" with a bite of steel!

They can crash a jungle...swim a river...these all-steel amphibious "Alligators." The drivers (see picture below)—they're combination sea captains and tank pilots!

**They've Got
What it Takes!**

Through brush and timber, then—splash! And the "Alligator's" driver heads his steel-footed steed into open water.

CAMELS
ARE FIRST WITH ME.
THEY'RE **EXTRA
MILD** AND
THEIR SWELL **FLAVOR
HOLDS UP**_PACK
AFTER PACK

Jungle-smashing treads become paddle-wheels as this amphibious "Alligator" churns its way through the water.



Camels COSTLIER
TOBACCOS

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

TAKE this young fellow up at the right. His name can't be revealed, of course, but he can tell you plenty about Camels—their extra mildness, their coolness, and the way Camel's full, round flavor keeps on tasting good pack after pack.

But you don't have to take his word for it. Your own throat and taste can tell you more convincingly about Camels than anything else. Try Camels yourself. Smoke them critically. Let the "T-ZONE" test (right) tell you why, with men in *all* the services, it's Camels!



The
"T-Zone"
—where cigarettes
are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.